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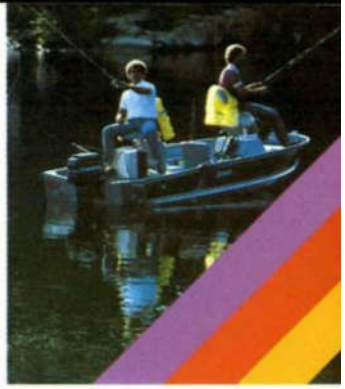

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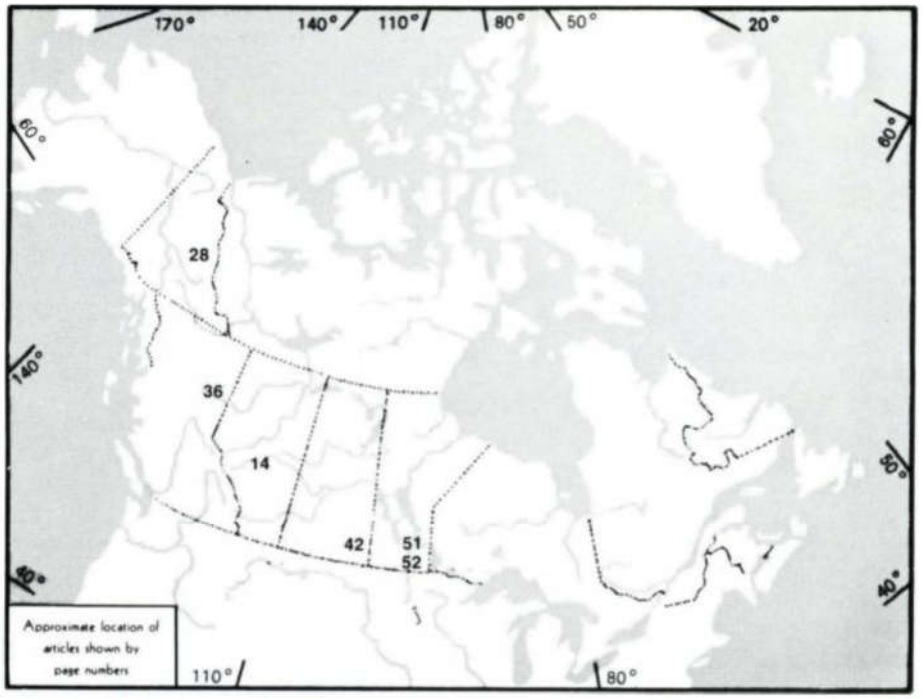

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COVER: 'Cree Girl, Big Trout Lake, Ontario', by Susan Ross of Thunder Bay. Oil on canvas, 17½" x 23½".

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ARCTIC SKETCHBOOK, 1938

by Terence Shortt

When artist and ornithologist Terence Shortt recently came across his sketchbooks from the 'Nascopie' voyage of 1938 he 'realized that probably greater change has taken place in the forty-odd years since they were done than in all of the prior contact between Eskimo and European — and that these sketches may soon verge on the "historic".'

I CAN STILL REMEMBER MY EXCITEMENT WHEN, in the spring of 1938, the request for my services as ornithologist to the government party on Canada's Eastern Arctic Patrol came to the Royal Ontario Museum where I was employed. It meant a twelve-thousand-mile voyage with stops at about a score of arctic posts aboard the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship R.M.S. *Nascopie* under the command of the renowned Captain Thomas F. Smellie. Although I had participated in seven or eight expeditions to northern Canada and Alaska before that and was to undertake about two dozen more to various parts of the world in the years following, my voyage on the old ice-breaker endures as one of the most memorable events of my life. It proved to be one of those rare experiences when reality surpasses expectation. The environment was spectacular and sublime, the Inuit charming and the animal life inspiring. And for nearly three months I shared a tiny cabin with one of Canada's most brilliant painters, Frederick Horsman Varley, the expedition's official artist. What young painter in his twenties would not have changed places with me for such a summer?

Varley and I worked as I think we had never worked before. Varley was inspired by the grandeur of the scenery and the natural grace of the people and accumulated an enormous pile of sketches and paintings. I made the largest collection of birds that up to that time had been brought out of the Arctic by one man in one summer, and still found time to make many quick sketches. Varley was 58 and, I believe, rather world-weary when he came aboard but I was aware of his arousal soon after *Nascopie* started north up the bleak, awesome coast of Labrador. I remember his explosive 'Look at that!' as we came alongside a gigantic 'dyke' or fissure in the coastal rock and he commenced sketching it in a flurry of activity. From then on our mutual enthusiasm was a constant source of reciprocal interchange. We re-infected each other with exuberance.

Yet in retrospect one realizes how naive we were. It is true that on occasion we reflected on the voyages of the early arctic explorers, on how time for an expedition such as ours would then have been measured in years rather than weeks. But we had no preconception of the enormous and precipitous changes that would take place in the next few decades nor of the cultural revolution that would follow. As artists I think we believed that what we were recording was simply 'what it is like up there' rather than 'what it was like in 1938'. We viewed things in terms of geography, not of chronology. When we speculated on it at all we assumed that transition would come about in slow step-by-step alterations and not in the enormous leap-frog vaults that were soon to take place. Consider that many native people flew in an aircraft before they even saw a motor-propelled ground vehicle.

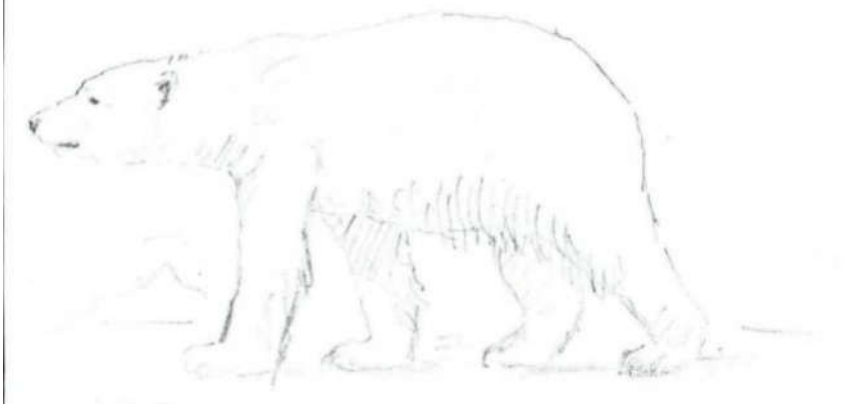
I had some vague inkling as I sketched walrus or polar bear that someday these might be threatened kinds of animals but in the strange unfolding of things it was the native culture that was the 'endangered species'. It has undergone radical and irrevocable transformation while walrus and polar bear will look and behave in the same way as long as they survive.

Mr Shortt, of Toronto, retired in 1976 as chief of display biology after 46 years with the Royal Ontario Museum. He has sketched and painted over 2000 species of birds and contributed illustrations to numerous books. He has written two self-illustrated books. 'Not As the Crow Flies' and 'Wild Birds of Canada and the Americas'.

H B C Collection

The 'Nascopie' leaving Montreal for the Arctic, July 1939.

Polar bear
Hudson Straits



out on the ice

DATES OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE, EASTERN ARCTIC PATROL, 1938

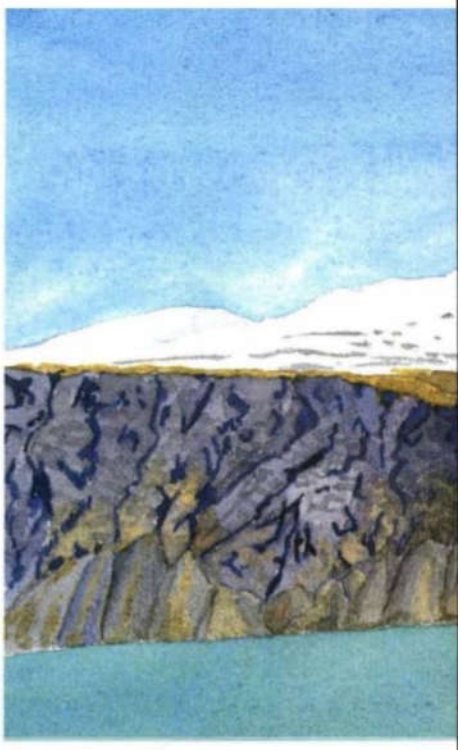
	Arrived	Departed
1. Ottawa, Ont.	.....	July 8
2. Montreal, Que.	.....	July 9
3. Hebron, Lab.	July 15	July 16
4. Port Burwell, N.W.T.	July 17	July 18
5. Lake Harbour, N.W.T.	July 20	July 21
6. Wakeham Bay, Que.	July 21	July 22
7. Sugluk, Que.	July 22	July 23
8. Cape Dorset, N.W.T.	July 24	July 26
9. Wolstenholme, Que.	July 26	July 27
10. Southampton I., N.W.T.	July 28	July 29
11. Cape Smith, N.W.T.	July 30	July 31
12. Port Harrison, Que.	Aug. 2	Aug. 4
13. Churchill, Man.	Aug. 6	Aug. 8
14. Chesterfield, N.W.T.	Aug. 10	Aug. 12
15. Wolstenholme, Que.	Aug. 13	Aug. 14
16. Lake Harbour, N.W.T.	Aug. 16	Aug. 17
17. Port Burwell, N.W.T.	Aug. 18	Aug. 19
18. Thule, Greenland	Aug. 24	Aug. 25
19. Craig Harbour, N.W.T.	Aug. 26	Aug. 26
20. Arctic Bay, N.W.T.	Aug. 28	Aug. 29
21. Fort Ross, N.W.T.	Aug. 31	Sept. 1
22. Pond Inlet, N.W.T.	Sept. 3	Sept. 4
23. Clyde River, N.W.T.	Sept. 5	Sept. 6
24. Pangnirtung, N.W.T.	Sept. 9	Sept. 12
25. Hebron, Lab.	Sept. 14	Sept. 15
26. Halifax, N.S.	Sept. 19	Sept. 20
27. Ottawa, Ont.	Sept. 21	.....

The 'Mother Hubbard':

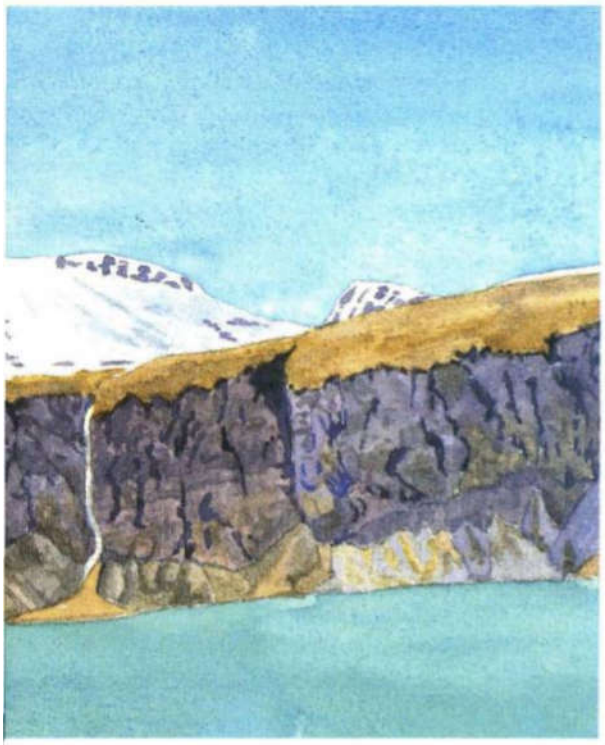
Missionaries forced the Eskimo women of the Western Arctic into these dreadful garments — similar to the *muumuus* they imposed on the natives of Hawaii.

In my opinion they should be held culpable — of sacrilege.

The dress of the people of the west coast of Hudson Bay puzzles me. Some wear the 'Mother Hubbard'; some, like this woman, [below] a hybrid version with a blanket-cloth shawl; others are dressed in Ungava-Labrador-type parka with short apron and tail while some would pass as Baffin Islanders. The same applies to the men except that some are entirely in European-style clothing.



"The fur-trimmed mother Hubbard" --- How awful !!



Pangnirtung, 11 September, 1938.

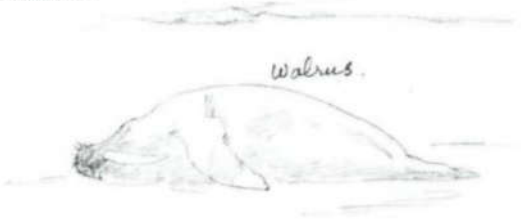
The absolutely stunning beauty of Eskimo women astonished me. No photograph (or drawing) can convey the singular quality possessed by them. ...

They're seldom without a smile or at least a pleasant expression. Even the old grandmothers (in their 40's?) with only a few badly worn-down teeth and puffing on pipes have an intangible nobility. Perhaps it is that as a group they seem to be in concord with their environment.

Pangnirtung
- exquisite!

Pangnirtung

Too cold on the windward side of the ship for anything but quickie sketches — then back inside and blow on fingers. One advantage — no audience gawking over one's shoulder!



We ran what I took to be dangerously close to this huge glacial 'calf'.

The glaciers and bergs of Disenchantment Bay near Yakutat, Alaska, which I saw a couple of years ago, in no way prepared me for the immensity of the icebergs and glaciers of Greenland. This one was as if the whole face of the Hubbard glacier of Disenchantment Bay had broken off in one piece.

This is only one small portion of it. I estimated its entire length at maybe 2 miles! — and I'm told those of Antarctica are even larger.

Fred V. brought only oil paints and canvases and soon was cursing the cold, humid weather of the far north. His sketches just wouldn't dry and the paint became viscid and sticky.

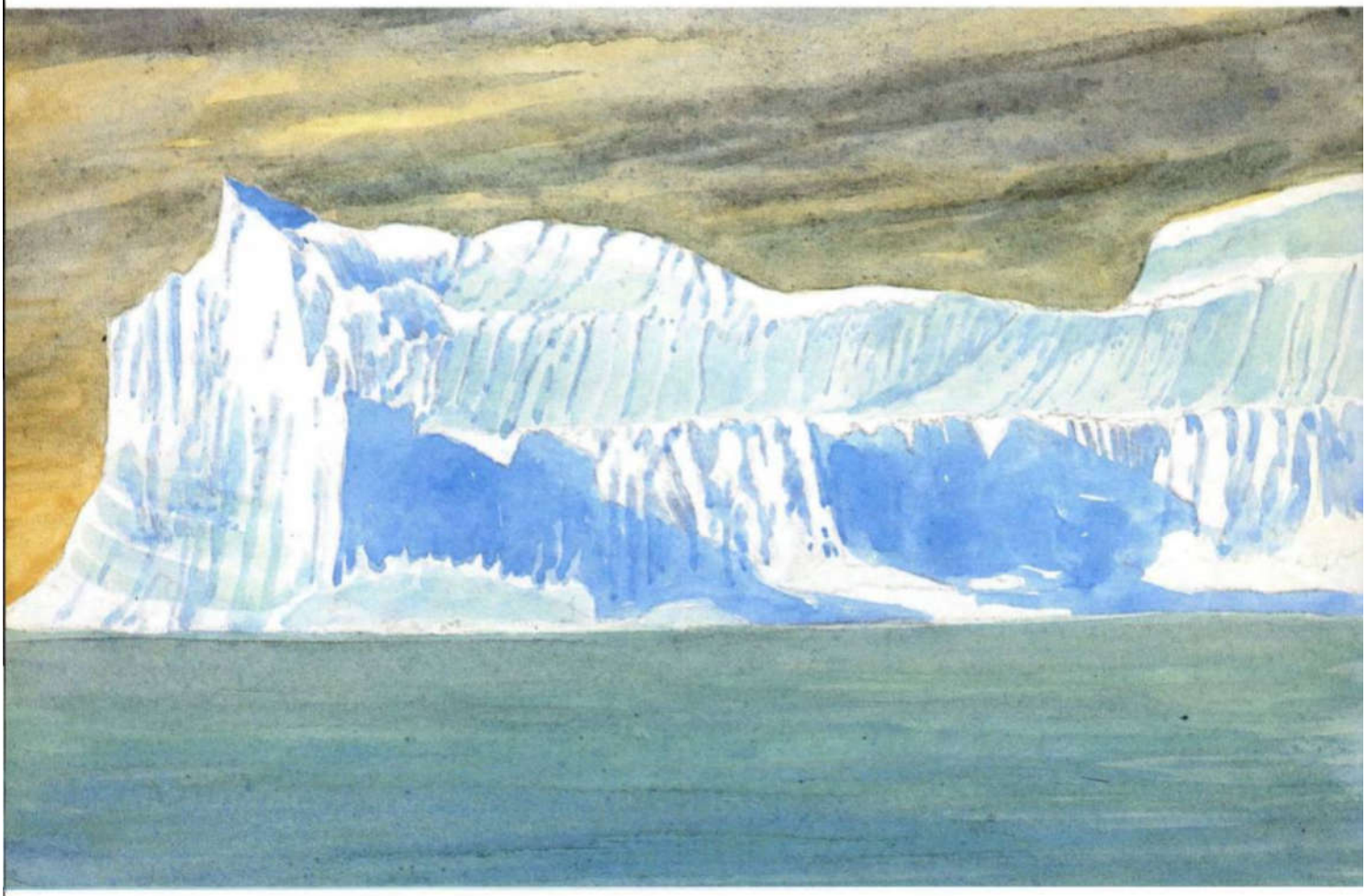
After I saw the power and beauty of Varley's sketches I offered him my watercolours and my stack of fine watercolour paper.

He worked so fast and with such intensity that the stock of paper dwindled rapidly. Fortunately Audrey had given me a couple of small sketchbooks (I wasn't about to give *those* up to anybody, Bless her heart,) which I filled with drawings of Eskimos, dogs, icebergs etc. ...

I feel almost guilty about [using any of *my* paper and paints] though I suppose I shouldn't. — I keep thinking 'If I refrain from using this good piece of Whatman it will become another magnificent Varley field sketch.' But it was a once in a lifetime opportunity to make studies of King Eiders, Gyrfalcons, Jaegers, Arctic gulls etc.

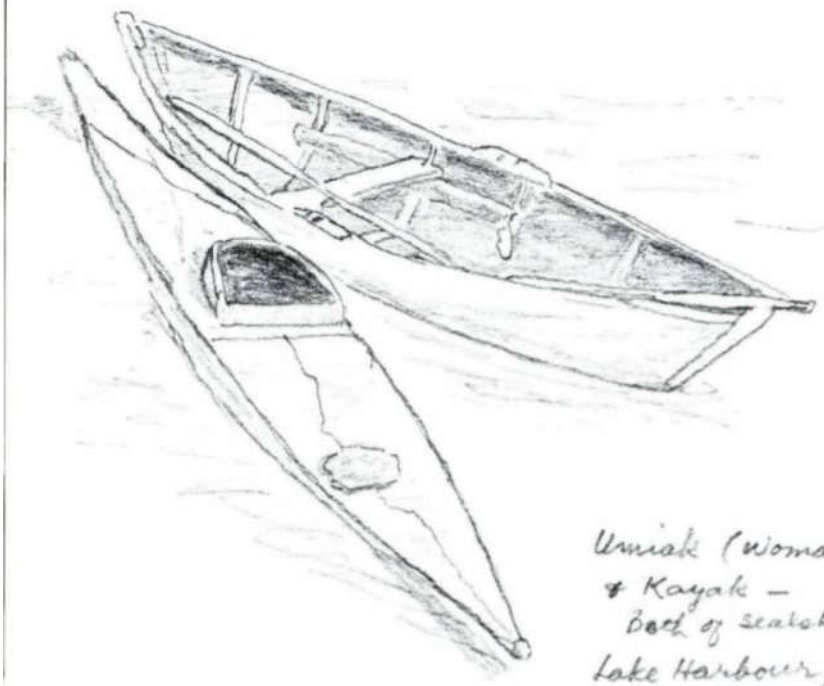
I confess to feeling a bit miffed when, towards the end of the voyage V. complained that there wasn't much paper left.

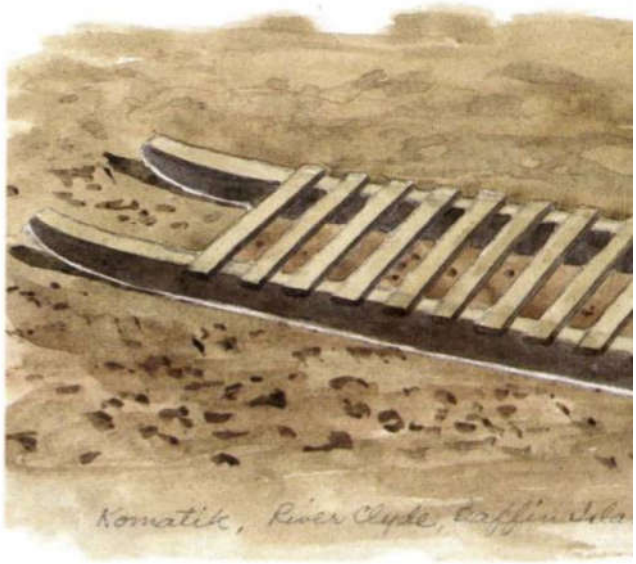
'Whose bloody fault is that?' I asked. With that he became contrite and apologized.



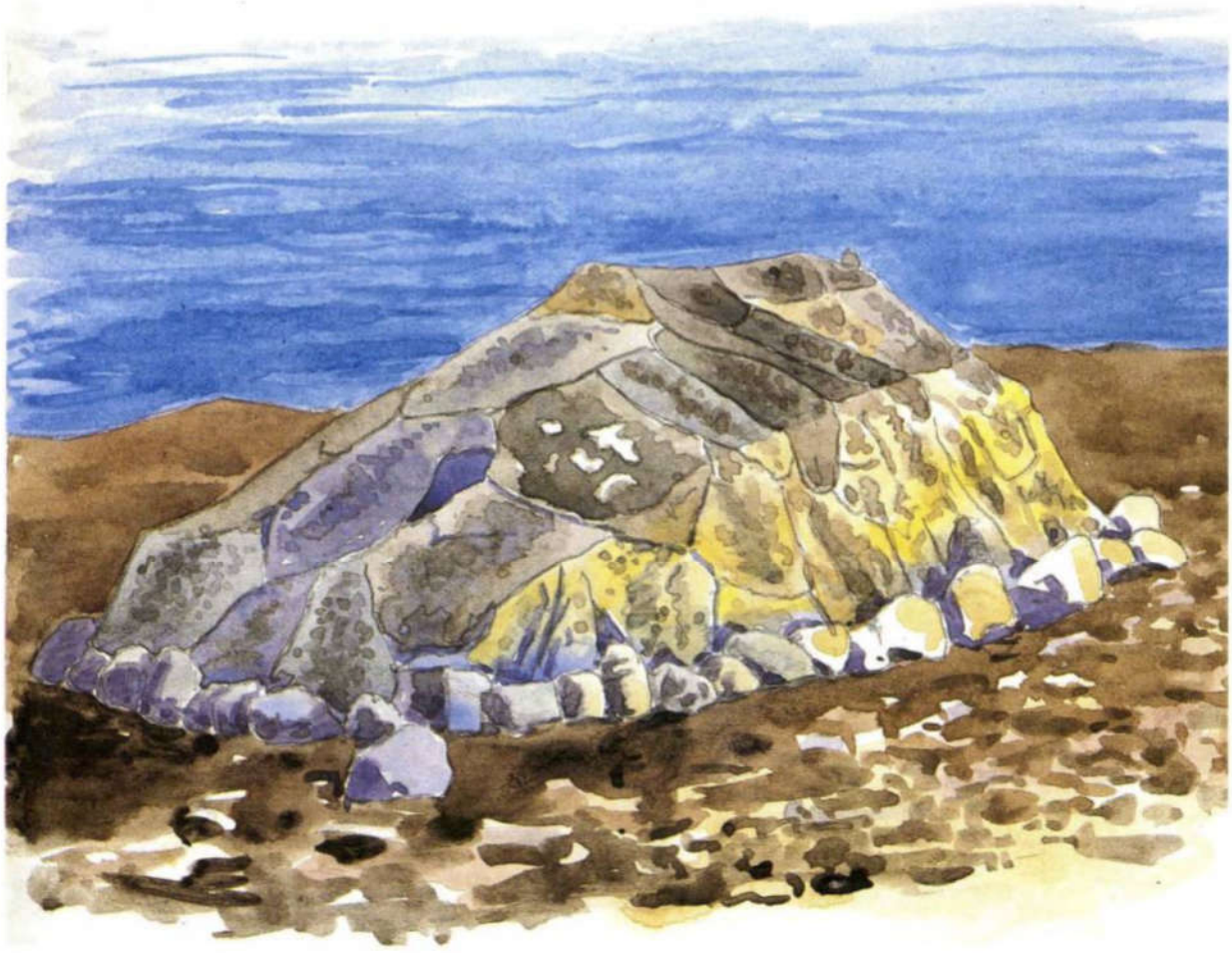
Bishop Clabaut:

When he saw that I was sketching him, he turned his back. But then, his back is the most awesome component of this megalithic man.





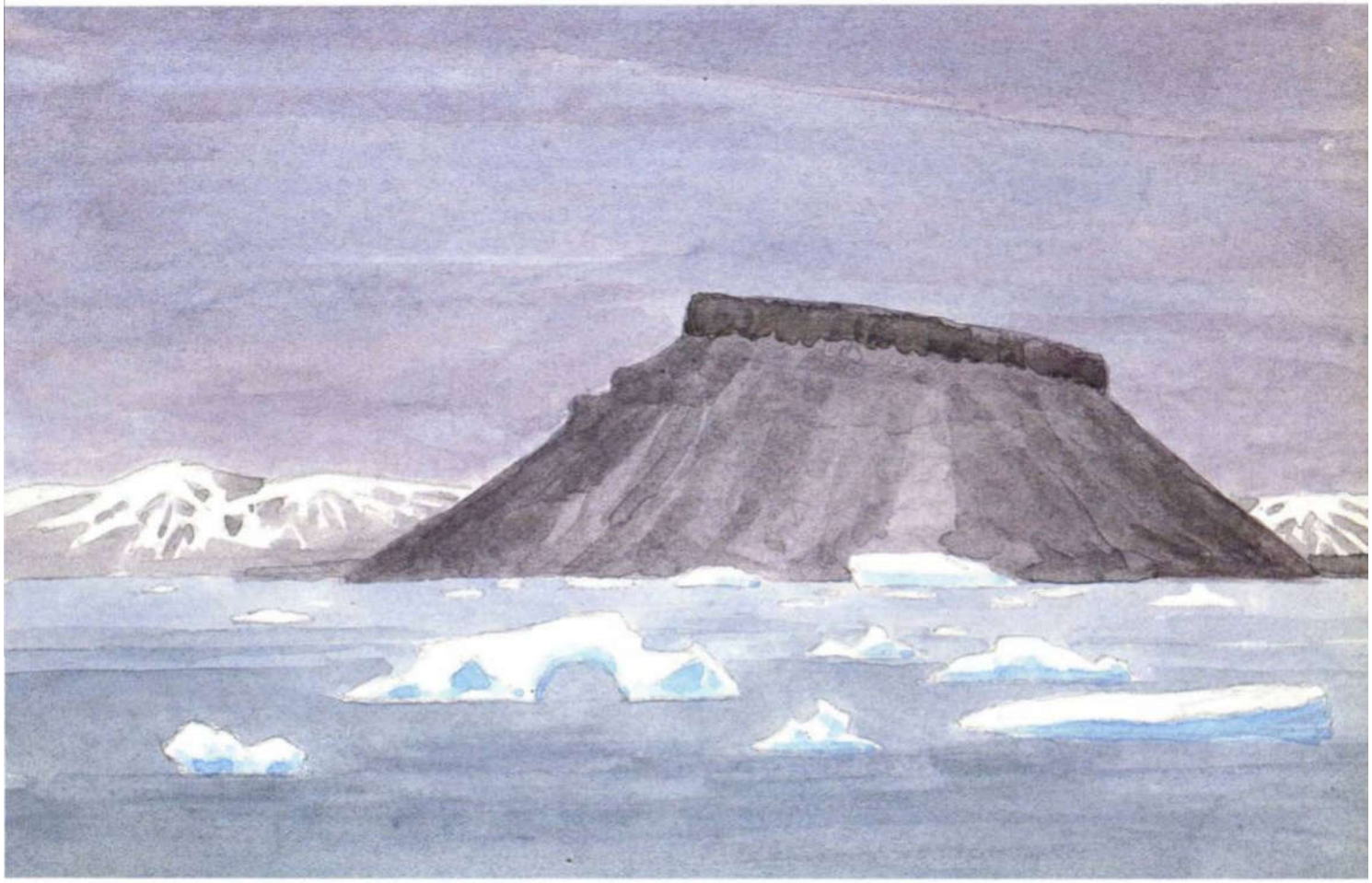
Umiak (woman's boat)
& Kayak —
Both of sealskin
Lake Harbour, Baffin I.



'Tupek' — Sealskin tent. Lake Harbour, Baffin Island.

Kayaks - Lake Harbour, Baffin I.

Bringing in a seal out of the 'Hule' Greenland



Thule Mountain, North Greenland, from the deck of the R.M.S. 'Nascopie'.

Last night I was looking over Mr. Varley's sketches with him.

'God!' I said 'I wish I could draw like that.'

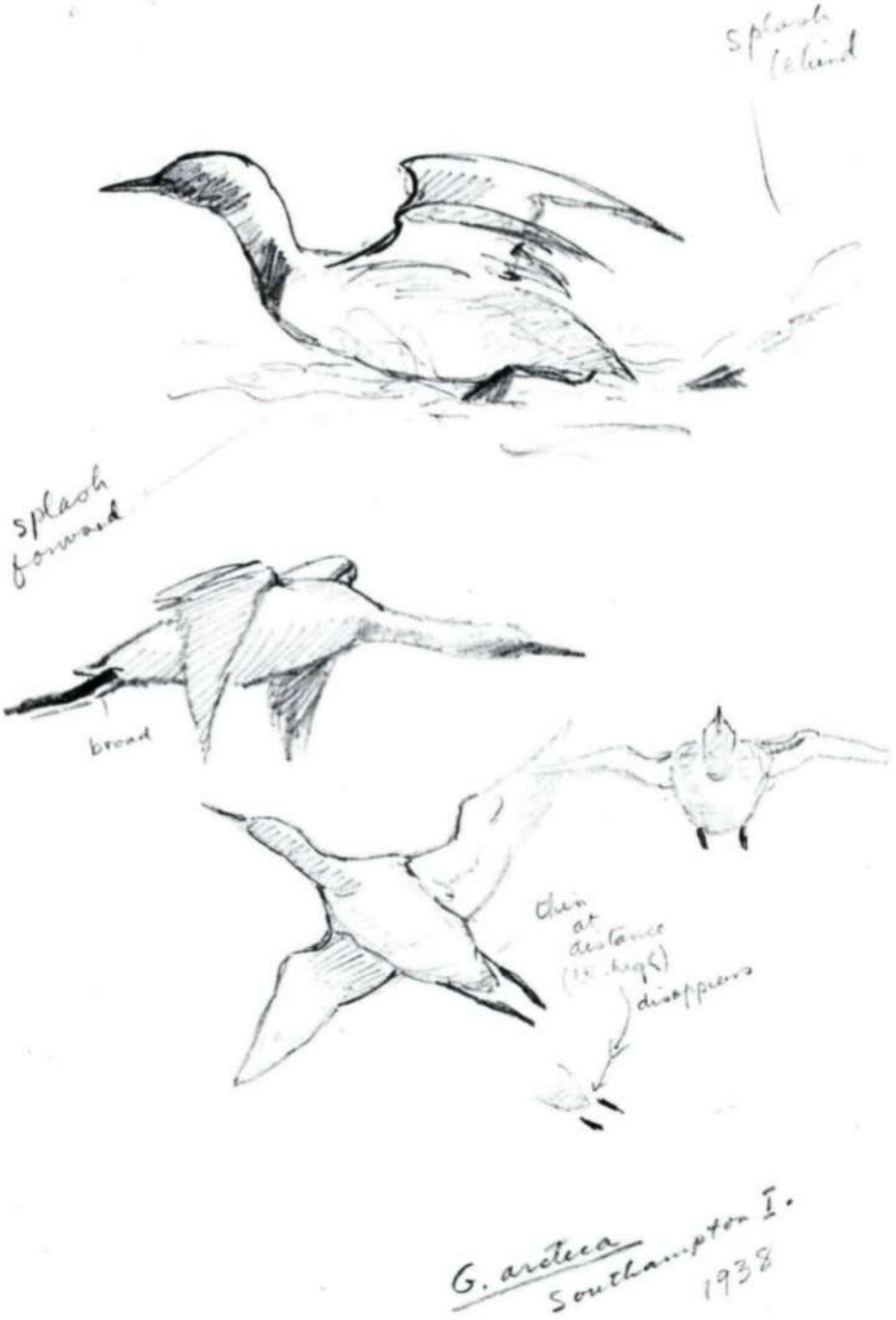
'Wait a minute,' he replied 'I can't draw birds as well as you can.'

It struck my funny-bone. It couldn't have been more comical if he had said: 'But I can't darn socks as well as you can.'

I exploded with laughter. Mr. Varley didn't seem pleased at my mirth.

'I meant no offense,' I said. Then suddenly his stern face broke into that uneasy laugh of his. 'You're right, I guess that *was* funny. It just took a little longer for it to hit *my* funnybone. But don't downgrade yourself, lad, most people don't do *anything* well.'

What a fine cabin-mate he is! ◆



Arctic loon, Southampton Island.

The glacier and moraine, Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island.

Land Jumping

By Margaret R. Stobie

In 1882 Edmonton entertained the rest of the country with a vivid drama in several parts featuring claim jumping, squatters' rights, vigilantes, and eventually a trial.

AS THE RAILROAD EDGED ITS WAY WEST in the early months of 1882 the Hudson's Bay Company was putting up for sale some of the 7 million acres in the fertile belt of the great plains that it had received under the terms of the Deed of Surrender in 1869. For a couple of months the Company had been running an advertisement in Frank Oliver's fledgling newspaper, the Edmonton *Bulletin:*

> CITY OF EDMONTON
>
> Situated at the head of navigation on the North Saskatchewan River; the centre of the Gold, Coal, Timber, and Mineral region of the Great North-West, and surrounded by the richest wheat-producing country in the world. The four great highways leading from Winnipeg, the great Bow River grazing country, the Peace River country, and British Columbia via the Jasper Pass, centre on the Town site.
>
> The Hudson's Bay Company offer for sale 1,000 lots on the above town site at low prices and on reasonable terms.

This was sales talk, of course, and exaggerated, though men had been profitably panning for gold along the North Saskatchewan for nearly twenty years, and about 700 tons of coal had been taken out of the riverbank coal deposits the previous winter; but as for population, that was different. Edmonton had about 270; St Albert, nine miles north, had 290; and Fort Saskatchewan, 18 miles down river and including the North West Mounted Police post of thirteen officers and men, had 60. Edmonton was scarcely a city, but one day it would be. And if anybody knew what was going to happen with the railroad and the land, it was the Hudson's Bay Company, intertwined as its governing body was with that of the railroad's. The Company's lots were selling, their prices were soaring, and the prices of other lots were happily following after.

The prize sites along the North Saskatchewan had been taken up some years before in claims of 200 yards each, extending along the river east from the Company's property. There were about a dozen lots looking down on the magnificent sweep of the river two hundred feet below, and stretching back sometimes a mile or so. Not far from the river they were intersected by Main Street, where stores, hotels, livery stables, offices and homes on either side of the street formed the centre of the community.

The first claim, the one bordering the Company's reserve, belonged to the Methodist Church; the next was for the parsonage; and the third was to have been for the school, but the Company had offered land for a school — which would attract buyers for the 1,000 lots — on their eastern edge beside the church. The villagers had built a frame schoolhouse in December 1881, hired a teacher, rented a stove, and classes had begun for some thirty pupils 'only three of them girls'. The school claim had gone to Donald McDougall.

The next two claims were originally taken by the Hardisty brothers, but Henry Hardisty sold his to Colin Fraser, and Richard Hardisty, having built a large house on claim number 5, at a cost of over $1,000, sold it to James Sinclair who held it until the beginning of 1882 when he sold it to a small local syndicate. No owner had ever lived on it, but it had been rented regularly, most recently in the previous July to Alexander Macdonald, a merchant and banker from Battleford, who was establishing a branch in Edmonton and using the large house for his store and offices. The claim was a choice one, rumoured to be worth between $5,000 and $10,000, and since no one was living on it, it was vulnerable.

At that time no land outside the Company's reserve and the Indian reserves had been surveyed and no one, except those who bought Company lots, could get title. All three newspapers of the Territories, the Edmonton *Bulletin,* Regina *Leader,* and Saskatchewan *Herald* at Battleford, were clamouring for surveys and the recognition of squatters' rights. The government was cool and dilatory, con-

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Dr Stobie is professor emeritus of English at the University of Manitoba. Recently she has been doing research on accounts of various developments recorded in early prairie newspapers.

Geological Survey of Canada

Fort Edmonton, 1879. Up the hill is Chief Factor Richard Hardisty's 'Big House'. The buildings on the skyline above are the main settlement of Edmonton near the Methodist Church, the scene of the land-jumping incidents in 1882.

ceding that those who had settled on land before 1879 would have first right to purchase after the survey was made, but at the same time warning that the Minister of the Interior had the right to withhold from sale any parcel of land and put it up for auction to the highest bidder. Settlers who had come within the last three years — eight or nine years before there had been none because of the hazards of whisky traders and of warring Indian tribes — did not have even that uncertain assurance. Yet it was generally taken for granted that no one, least of all neighbours, would question the right of a man to buy and gain title to land that he was living on when the time came, so that for practical purposes he was secure, however murky the legal situation of the moment.

But there were those who coveted their neighbour's property, and as a result Edmonton entertained the rest of the country with a vivid drama in several parts featuring claim jumping, squatters' rights, vigilantes, and eventually a trial.

On Saturday, 4 February 1882, word spread like a prairie fire that there was a jumper on the Sinclair claim. It was L. George, an American who worked as a clerk in the Villiers' store. In the morning he had driven in boundary stakes, and now he had some carpenters and they were beginning to build a house.

Three members of the syndicate, the new purchasers, got into a cutter and drove to the site. Sure enough, planks were down for a floor, uprights and cross beams were shaping a house ten by twenty feet and the carpenters were putting up more studs. Tom Anderson, who happened to be the land claims commissioner for Edmonton, called out, 'What do you think you're doing?'

'I'm building my home,' said Jumper George, 'and I'm going to live here.'

'Oh no you're not!' Anderson threw aside the buffalo robe, climbed out of the cutter, and ordered the carpenters to stop work. He claimed the land belonged to the syndicate, since they had purchased it. George said they had no title and hence no right to order him off.

The argument went on, neither swaying the other. Daylight faded, it got colder, the carpenters packed up and left, the syndicate retired to regroup forces, and Jumper George prepared himself for a chilly weekend in the tent. The Sabbath was quiescent.

With Sunday over, George and his carpenters resumed their building, while the syndicate searched for some means supported by law to eject them. They found none. As their frustration grew so did the alarm of the other villagers for the safety of their homes and livelihood. Some gathered at Frank Oliver's store and newspaper office 'the fourth door east of the Methodist Church' to discuss what they could do. Clearly something had to be done, for as Oliver said, 'If jumping once gets started, no man will be able to leave his claim for a moment without being in danger of losing it.'

With fearful courage, for they were law-abiding men, they decided that if they couldn't eject George by law, they would do it by force. They would protect their homes, they would make this a test case, and they would carry things with 'as high a hand as might be necessary'. Their resolve

gathered force and by mid-afternoon there were 150 men surrounding George in his cage-like structure.

Tom Anderson addressed him with great politeness. 'We are here to see this building removed from our property. We ask you to do that of your own will — with the help of your carpenters, of course — and within the next half hour. If you are unable to do that, we will give you all the assistance in our power. As you can see, there are many friends here who will be glad to help.'

George stood firm, maintaining they had no right to the land, and threatened to shoot the first man who tried to remove him.

The crowd pressed back. But George had forgotten that the sides of his house were not boarded in, that behind him there was no wall. Daniel Fraser slipped through the studs and grabbed him by the arms. Bill Henderson reached through on the other side and took the revolver. Eager hands reached through, some on one side, some on the other. Both sides pulled. George began to bellow. Frank Oliver came to his rescue. 'Here, stop that! You can't get him out that way, you'll only tear his arms off.'

Ropes were brought forward and tied to the corners; eager hands grabbed them and began to pull the frame straight ahead towards the river. Others ripped off studs. Still others lit a fire with the unused lumber to warm themselves. The carpenters stuffed their tools into their bags and scuttled out, but George remained firm. To the rhythm of 'Heave ho!' the rope-men forged ahead to the riverbank. There they dropped the ropes and came around to push from the front. The house was on the brink. There was a slight tilting. Two hundred feet of darkness yawned below. George moved, but not quickly. He came to the frame of the doorway and stepped out. His tent and bedding were thrown after him.

The house floor rose up, paused in the air, and then with a great 'Now boys!' the men gave a mighty shove and sent it over the edge; it went leaping as though alive from one hump to another down to the frozen river. A great shout came from the crowd, mingling with the continuing sounds of breaking, pitching and crashing as the rest of the lumber was thrown after it. Henderson handed George back his revolver.

By now it was quite dark, the fire giving almost the only light as the victors gathered together. They agreed to meet that night in McDougall's hall to organize for protection against land jumpers. But there was something closer at hand that had to be dealt with first. The men in Alexander Macdonald's store were only two or three hundred yards away. Macdonald himself was in Battleford, but neither his manager, Charlie Stewart, nor any of the rest of his men had been among the crowd for the dumping spree. It was impossible that they had not known of George's activities and the situation smacked of conspiracy. The crowd tramped over to the store and a deputation, mostly members of the syndicate, went in. Charlie was behind the counter.

Bill Henderson spoke. 'We missed you at the party. Did Alex know about this business?' Stewart shrugged and said he didn't know about Alex or anything about the firm's stand on jumping the claim.

'Let me warn you, Charlie,' said Anderson. 'If you try anything here, you and your goods will be turned out in the snow in five minutes. That's a promise. And tell Alex that. So be careful. We'll be watching.'

That February night Charlie Stewart hitched up his horse in haste and sped over the snow-packed trail to Fort Saskatchewan to appeal to the North West Mounted Police for help. Meanwhile a dozen well-armed men stood guard within Macdonald's store all night to protect it from possible attack. The crowd met to combine their strength.

When about 100 men were assembled in McDougall's hall, A.W. Kippen, one of the syndicate, went to the front simply to get things started and he said that they were gathered to form a society for mutual protection of their lands. The school teacher, James Harris, was quickly named chairman and he lost no time. He said they had met for action, not for discussion, but they could take a few minutes if anyone wanted to say anything. 'It has been suggested that this should be a secret society,' he said, 'and if there are any not in favour of organizing they will be asked to leave.'

Tom Anderson got up. He was in favour of the meeting and in banding together for mutual protection, but he didn't want a secret society. 'The object of the association is a good one, and it will receive support from the public at large. It's unnecessary and bad policy to do things in secret. Besides, it's probably illegal.'

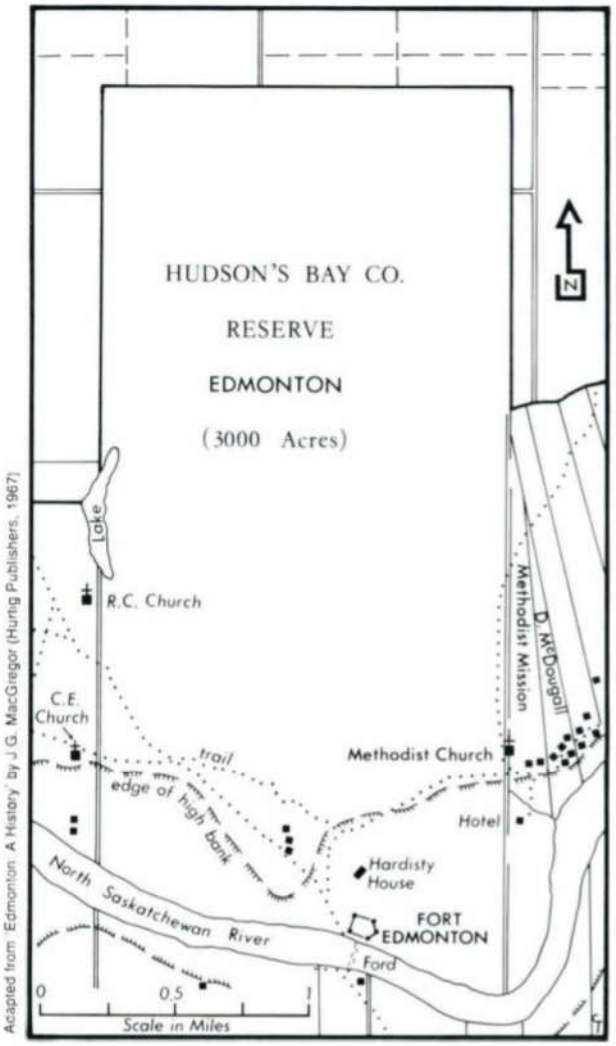
Harris disagreed. He didn't think the mere fact that it was secret made it illegal — look at the Masons — and it would give more freedom of action and make the society more feared.

The argument took some of the fire out of the afternoon's triumph and there was some vacillating between 'No cloak and dagger' and 'Stand up and be counted'. When Harris asked those to leave who did not approve, a number left, but forty-seven men signed the roll and took the oath of secrecy.

They drafted a resolution stating the need for and intentions of the society, binding themselves to uphold each other in their rights to their claims, to deal severely with attempts to jump, to make determined resistance with all measures necessary, not excluding bloodshed. It was an emotional moment. They were only a tiny group at the far end of nowhere, but they would fight for fair play and the right to their land.

A glorious sunrise brought a new day and the police. Captain Gagnon and his five companions found that all was quiet. The menacing figures of the night had returned to their workaday shapes and business was going forward as usual on Main Street. No one pressed any charges.

The police made a turn around the village, questioning here and there, and after a meal at a hotel went back to



Adapted from 'Edmonton: A History' by J.G. MacGregor (Hurtig Publishers, 1967)

Glenbow Archives, Calgary, Alberta

The newly built Methodist mission house at Edmonton, photographed by Charles Horetzky in December 1871. Reverend George McDougall is second from right, Mrs McDougall at left.

Main Street, Edmonton, looking east, 1890.

E. Brown Collection, Provincial Archives of Alberta

their garrison at Fort Saskatchewan. The police had not chosen this site for their post out of perversity. The government had been advised, first by William Butler in 1870 and later by others, to place the police posts at a distance from the Hudson's Bay Company forts so that it would not appear to the Indians that the police had been sent to protect the interests of the Company's land and people rather than those of Indians and settlers. At times like this, however, the situation was awkward.

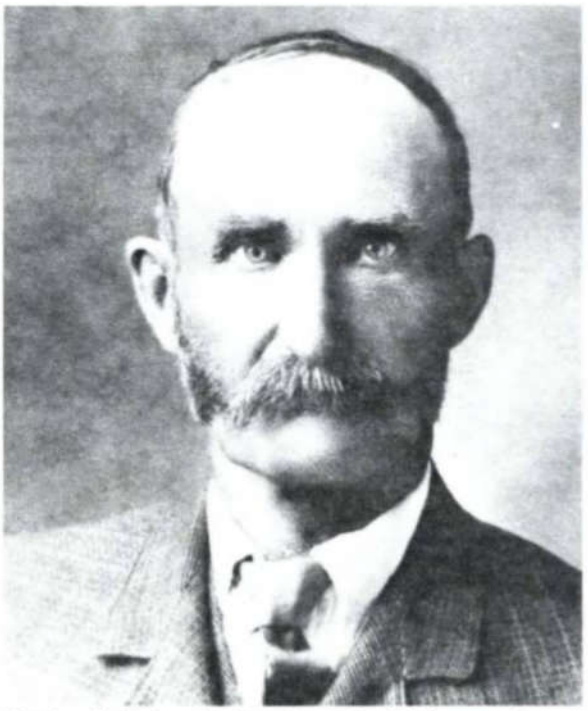
Still wary, Charlie Stewart's men put away their guns to serve customers, and the vigilantes had second thoughts about secrecy (it did seem melodramatic in the light of day) and a couple of days later at a noonday meeting they issued a welcome to all who wished to join them.

Frank Oliver wrote in the *Bulletin*:

> While we deplore the existence of a society which shall have for its object the taking of the law into its own hands, there is no doubt that the neccessity for such a society exists, and it should be so constituted that there would be nothing in the way of any man who wished to protect his neighbours' [rights] or be protected in his own rights, from becoming a member. Let those who wish to steal their neighbours' land bind themselves to secrecy by oath, but let those who wish to uphold right for right's sake do so in broad daylight relying only on the justice of their cause and their good right arms.

Whether to show confidence in their good right arms or whether to indicate that the boom was still on, at the week's end Colin Fraser sold his claim, number 4, to J.A. McDougall for $10,000. There was no time for complacency, however. On Monday morning, 20 February, the vigilance committee and the community in general got a disagreeable jolt. There was a jumper on the Methodist Church land, claim number 1. The jump was being made behind the church, near the riverbank, in the fenced-in area that contained the graveyard. This time not only the sense of property but the sense of propriety was outraged.

There was no secrecy about it. During the forenoon, several members of the vigilance committee received a letter:



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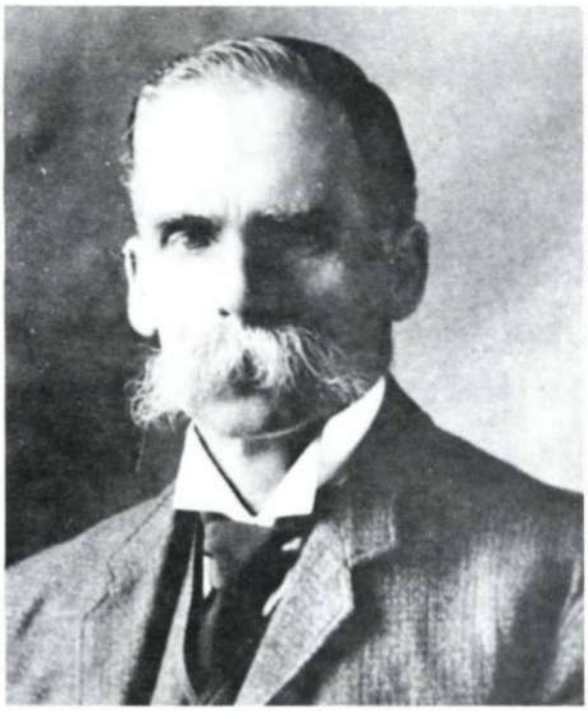
Matthew McCauley, a leading citizen of early Edmonton, became the first mayor when Edmonton was incorporated as a town in 1892.



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Frank Oliver, founder and editor of the influential Edmonton 'Bulletin', and later Minister of the Interior in the federal cabinet, 1905-11, when he did much to encourage immigration to the West.

Dear Sir, — I beg to inform you that I am about to locate and homestead the claim adjoining the Hudson's Bay Company town plot to the east, and by doing so I must say that I am not infringing on any local rule that may have been framed by the Vigilance Committee, from the fact that I am duly authorized to do so by the Minister of the Interior.

Any doubt upon the subject may be removed by calling on me for such proof.

I am yours truly,
J.M. Bannerman

Joe Bannerman was a recent arrival in Edmonton, but unlike L. George, he was a man of substance. His brother William was a Member of Parliament — and he was a Canadian and so could lay a claim under the Homestead Act, whereas George, being an American, could not.

The circumstances were different too. Eleven years before, the Reverend George McDougall had started a mission at Fort Edmonton and had established the church and the parsonage on the land beside the Company's acres. The church had occupied the two claims ever since, but the incumbent missionary of the previous year had left, a successor had not arrived, and so eight months earlier the trustees had engaged Matthew McCauley to occupy the parsonage and look after the property until a new man arrived. Services were held as they could be arranged with itinerant preachers and, as the *Bulletin* said, 'All this time the little graveyard around the church was receiving its occupants.' But there was no resident proprietor and only a temporary caretaker.

When McCauley looked out on the Monday morning, and to his astonishment saw building materials piled up behind the church and carpenters working, he ran over and, confronting Bannerman, ordered him to stop. Bannerman refused, saying that neither McCauley nor the church had homestead status. McCauley retorted that if it came to that, he had been living there for eight months and therefore had first claim. Bannerman drew out a letter purporting to give him governmental authority to do what he was doing. McCauley went down the street to talk to Frank Oliver.

A meeting of the vigilance committee was called for the evening. It was a more sober affair than the one two weeks before. The general opinion was that since the community 'had respected the claim of the church for eleven years, awaiting the decision of the Government, it would not be too much to ask Mr Bannerman to wait a little longer with the rest, and that the committee should apply the necessary persuasion.' The meeting agreed that fitting persuasion would be to remove the house the next day.

On Tuesday morning, therefore, word was sent throughout the community and to the neighbouring settlers to be on hand at half-past two in the afternoon. By that time, about 100 men had gathered at the house, some driving and some on foot. Bill Henderson came with a team

hitched to a pair of bob-sleds and McCauley came over wreathed in lengths of chains and rope. Oliver led the foot troops.

McCauley made a formal announcement to Bannerman that they had come to move the house, which by now was boarded up. The carpenters were told to pack up their tools and leave, which they did. Bannerman warned the crews that they were going against the law; Oliver said if that were so, they would have to take that risk, but the house had to go. Lengths of chains were attached to the bob-sleds, a side of the house was lifted, the sleds were put in place, and the house was shifted over onto the runners and secured to them by more ropes and chains. Henderson and McCauley stood up front to drive the horses; others lined up along the sides and the back of the shanty to prevent its slipping. The house and procession moved off amid a cheering throng to the spot where the other shanty had been dumped. The present one was sent after it with equal gusto, smashing to pieces on the rocks below. The two drivers rode their chariot back, and the crowd, having had an afternoon of fine entertainment, drifted off.

The *Bulletin* declared that 'the shanty was put on the claim against the express order of the person in charge of it, and he had a legal right to move it off in any way and at any time he might think fit. If this view is not correct, if the present law will protect one man in appropriating that which is already in the possession of another, whether it be land or moveables, let the fact be known at once, and let shotgun law prevail.'

Bannerman, however, galloped off to Fort Saskatchewan to get warrants against his opponents. The police arrived Wednesday morning and Captain Gagnon began preliminary hearings in the schoolhouse at 2:30 p.m.

Oliver was called first, charged with 'assisting, aiding and abetting in the moving and destroying of the house, and of inciting others to do likewise.' Bannerman testified to the charge, saying that Oliver had assisted in the removal 'by using his bodily strength'. A titter ran through the room as the company gazed on the slight, almost frail figure of the accused.

Oliver undertook his own defence, and under questioning, Bannerman stated that although he had not seen Oliver incite anyone to greater efforts to pull down the house, he had seen him lifting at the house.

'. . . and I will swear that the lifting destroyed the house — well, to a certain extent anyway.'

Bannerman stated further that he did not know the land was claimed by any other person, and that he did not know Mr McCauley was occupying the church property as temporary caretaker. When there was a murmuring from the crowd he added:

'I know that there was a body of people who claimed the land, but before I took possession I was informed that they would not get the grant.' He refused to say who had given him this information about the title.

Bannerman's witnesses were called. They were perhaps less stalwart than he might have wished. One of the carpenters said that he heard Oliver speak to Bannerman, saw him put his hands on the building, saw an axe used but didn't see who used it. Another witness, who said he was only 'a simple spectator', thought he saw the prisoner help to move the house but couldn't swear to it, didn't hear him say anything because the uproar of the 'riotous mob' was such that he couldn't distinguish what anyone said. The next two witnesses didn't hear any particular noise or disturbance, didn't see Oliver touch the building, didn't hear him incite anyone. But Donald McKay, last up, did hear Oliver tell Bannerman that he was aware of what the law was, that they were leaving themselves liable, but that the building must come down.

Frank Oliver was committed for trial at the sitting of the Saskatchewan district court to be held in Edmonton on the 15th of June next. Bail was set at $400 with two of the syndicate, Wood and Anderson, as bailsmen. Banner-

Edmonton had several land booms in the early 1900s, 1912 being the peak year. When the Hudson's Bay Company sold lots on the northern half of its reserve by public lottery, over 1,500 people lined up on 12 May 1912 for the chance to draw tickets.

H B C Collection

man objected: the bail was too low, and the bailsmen were not property owners.

Captain Gagnon retorted. 'Must I remind you, Mr Bannerman, that we are here, all of us, including you, precisely because there are no real property owners in the whole North-West except the Hudson's Bay Company. As for the bail, I am perfectly satisfied that it is sufficient.'

Some of those charged were dismissed for lack of evidence, but Matthew McCauley was committed for trial and so were James Lake, Daniel Fraser, Louis Garneau, and Bill Henderson. The preliminary hearings were over.

In its next issue, the *Bulletin* noted that the excitement had died down. 'But one thing has been brought out clearly, and that is that the people at large are prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of their rights at all times and against all comers, let the consequences be what they may.'

In March there was positive action. A public meeting was called of the residents of Edmonton, Fort Saskatchewan, and St Albert 'for the purpose of discussing matters relating to the tenure of land in this District, with the object of bringing the matter directly to the attention of the Dominion Government.' The gathering, which included Father Leduc of St Albert, signed a petition to be sent to the Governor-General 'setting forth the state of insecurity which prevails here in regard to the ownership of land', and asking him to intervene 'on behalf of those who took action to protect property against interlopers'. A collection was taken up to cover the cost of the telegram, and the meeting closed with 'God Save the Queen'.

The church spoke out. John McDougall, Chairman of Methodist Missions, Saskatchewan District, wrote to the *Bulletin:* 'Herewith I give notice that it is our intention to hold our mission property at Edmonton, and as it was first located, built upon and occupied by the Reverend Geo. McDougall, said location situate immediately east of and adjoining the Hudson's Bay Company's block of land and extending from the Saskatchewan River on the south to an indefinite distance on the north, the latter point to be determined at such time as government surveys may take place. We are confident we will be sustained in this matter not only by the whole Methodist Church in the Dominion but also by all true men, lovers of fair play and justice.'

As spring advanced, crocuses opened, and the evenings were given over to cricket practice, the real estate boom rose to great heights and at last even the government became concerned with Edmonton property affairs. A notice appeared in the paper:

> I am desired by the Minister of the Interior to warn all parties against jumping widow McDougall's Claim.
> Thos Anderson, Crown Timber Agent.

On 15 June 1882, Stipendiary Magistrate Richardson, who was to become famous three years later as the judge of the rebellion trials in Regina, came from Battleford and with Captain Gagnon opened court in the schoolhouse. All of the accused pleaded not guilty and were put on trial together. Richardson ruled that since this was a very serious case, in the interests of both prisoners and the Crown, 'it should be tried with the intervention of a jury of six' as the law provided. Accordingly a jury was impanelled and the trial went forward.

The witnesses were generally cautious and vague. The 'simple spectator' of the preliminary hearings, who could distinguish no voices beside the church, now could distinguish no hands beside the river: 'I did not see Oliver help to throw it over, didn't see anyone help to throw it over, as I was watching where it was going to light to see what the effect would be.'

Donald McKay, who had sold Bannerman the lumber, knew what he was going to use it for, knew that the property was claimed by the mission, and on two occasions had had to pass over a fence around it. He recognized the prisoners as among those gathered to remove the house. They loaded it on sleds and drove away. He did not follow.

The drayman who hauled the lumber onto the ground had heard McCauley forbid Bannerman to build there and warn that if he did, the house would be removed. He heard Bannerman reply that he didn't care as it would save him the trouble of living in it through the winter.

The final witness for the prosecution was brief. He saw McCauley coming with a chain on his shoulder and saw two of the prisoners help to move the building, but he saw no damage done to the building other than the removal, heard no disturbance, and saw no personal malice shown against the plaintiff.

Two defence witnesses were called. The Reverend John McDougall reiterated the church's claim to the property and said that Matthew McCauley was in charge of it with the church's consent. The other defence witness testified that the shanty was inside a field that he and McCauley had enclosed last summer. He had removed some of the rails in the fall to build a corral but the pickets were still standing and the line of fence was plain to be seen.

The presentation was over. Bannerman, asked if he had anything to say, shook his head. Oliver being asked, spoke for the defendants, saying that they had known that the plaintiff might bring action against them but that

> the law relating to the crime for which we are being tried — malicious injuries to property — provided that nothing contained in it should extend to any case where the party acted under a fair and reasonable supposition that he had a right to do the act complained of.

No damage had been proved, no malice had been shown, and it had been demonstrated that the accused 'not only had reasonable grounds for supposing that they had a right to do what they did, but that they actually had that right. On these grounds, Your Honour, I ask for a clear acquittal.'

Richardson then charged the jury at some length, 'laying down in no equivocal terms the right of ownership to

property in this as in other countries. He said that when a person was in rightful occupation of a piece of land, he was allowed to exercise the rights of ownership until another could produce a better title to it, and then that other could only displace him by legal process, the occupant having the right at common law to resist with force any forcible encroachment on his rights.' The jury was out briefly and returned with the verdict of not guilty.

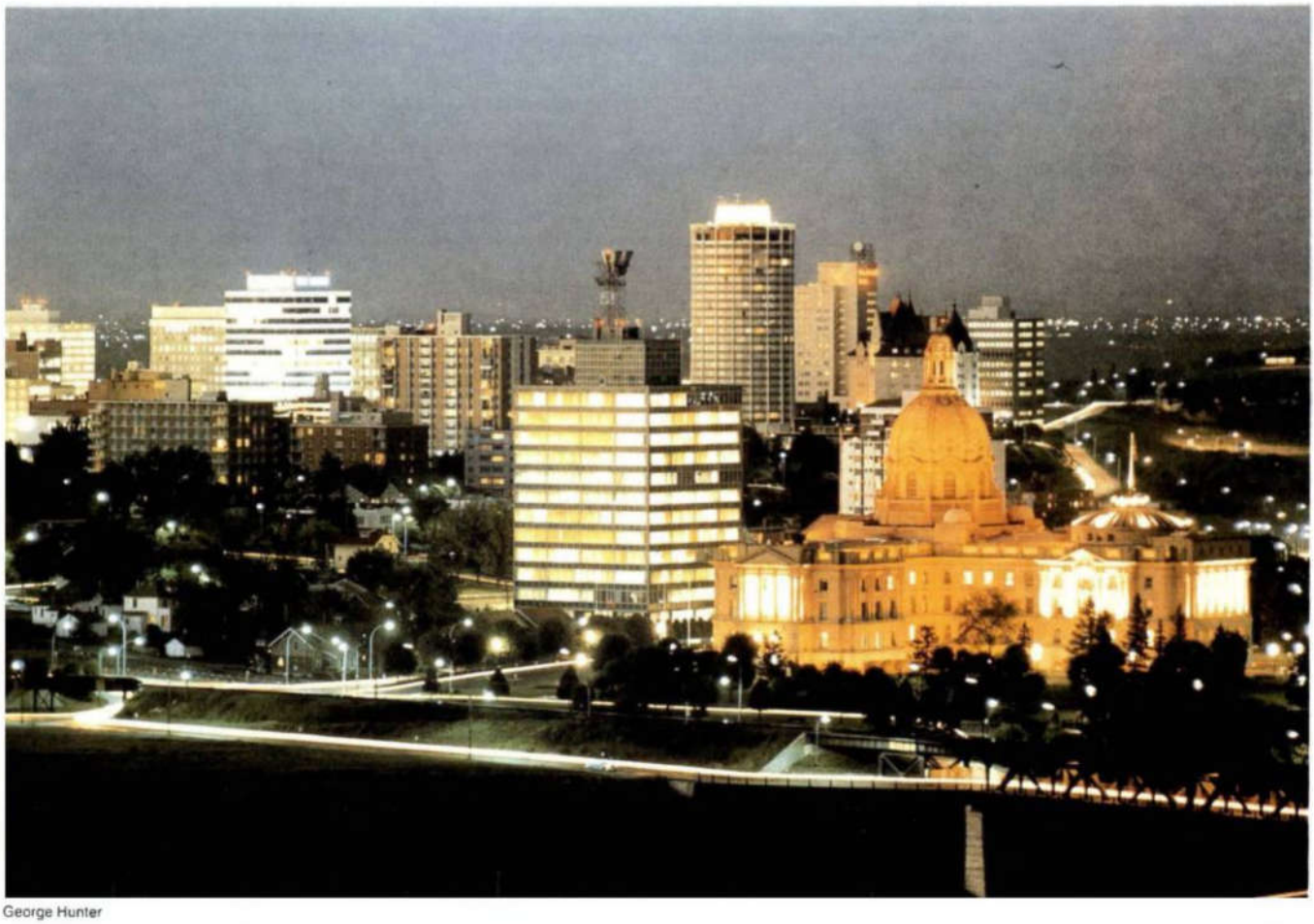
An editorial on 'Law and Justice' in the next issue of the *Bulletin* reflected that the trial had

> not only decided the cases actually before the court, but also the future course of events in this settlement if not throughout the North-West. [It is] of the deepest interest to every man who does now or in the future expect to hold any land not defined by the government survey.
>
> The religious aspect of the case had very little to do with it, but at the same time it might not be out of place to suggest to Mr Bannerman and his friends that the next time they make a raid on church property they attack the contribution box instead of the graveyard.

Government surveys began in Edmonton on 10 July 1882, and peace came upon the land. ◆

The rapid growth of Edmonton in the past century is illustrated by three views of the same area: Fort Edmonton and the small settlement of 1879 (page 15), and below: the remnants of the fort in 1914, overshadowed by the new provincial legislative building; and the skyline of Edmonton in 1970. Today the city has a population of 657,000.

E. Brown Collection, Provincial Archives of Alberta



George Hunter

The Salvation Army: Christian Soldiers in Canada

By Cheryl MacDonald

LIKE A BLAST FROM GABRIEL'S TRUMPET, the message of the Salvation Army echoed round the world in the latter half of the nineteenth century. With drums and horns and tambourines, a flair for publicity and unquenchable evangelic zeal, the uniformed followers of William Booth brought 'soup and salvation' to innumerable countries. France, Australia, the United States and India were all besieged; all surrendered converts to the Army. Nor was Canada ignored, and the Salvation Army's campaign in the Canadian Northwest comprises a colourful chapter in this country's history.

The Salvation Army was a product of Victorian England. It was a time of major advances in science, communications, transport and medicine. Trade unionism and social reform were on the rise. The seeds of the movement which would lead to votes for women had been sown, and, under the dour and watchful eye of Victoria Regina and her consort, middle-class morality and love of family were extolled as heavenly virtues.

Yet there were terrible contrasts. A 'submerged tenth' of the British population lived below the poverty level. The slums of east London were filthy, disease-ridden and rat-infested places where children still worked long hours in cramped and dirty factories. Infant alcoholics were commonplace here, and the white slave trade to the Continent and Near East flourished.

The established churches, including John Wesley's Methodist, were not reaching these people. Ragged, unwashed, uneducated, they were not welcome in conservative congregations and had little desire to enter the doors of any place of worship. Although many denominations did have itinerant preachers who addressed crowds on street corners or in rented halls, it was becoming increasingly apparent that men and women who were starving had little time to consider salvation in this world or the next.

William Booth realized this predicament and did something about it. Hawk-like and bearded, Booth was no stranger to poverty or starvation. He had been a revivalist minister with the Wesleyan New Connexion, but broke away in 1862 to preach the word independently to the poor inhabitants of the London slums. Three years later, he accepted an invitation to become the first superintendent of the East London Christian Mission. With his zeal and skill for organizing, the mission flourished and gradually evolved into the Salvation Army.

Within a few years of its founding, the members of this new organization were preaching a joyous gospel while meeting the secular needs of the urban poor with men's hostels, women's shelters, a labour bureau, and emigration services. The message of Booth's practical Christianity spread like wildfire, carried around the world by converts and members of Booth's own large family.

Those Salvationists who emigrated to Canada were scattered and disorganized at first, although by early 1882 street meetings conducted by Mr and Mrs William Freer, Mrs Shaw and 'Irish Annie' Maxwell drew some attention from the Toronto press. About the same time, two young Englishmen were attending Methodist meetings in London, Ontario. Recognizing each other by the songs they sang — Salvation Army hymns were often set to popular, sometimes *risqué* tunes — Jack Addie and Joe Ludgate organized an outdoor meeting in May 1882. Within a few weeks, they had attracted enough Salvationist immigrants and new converts to hold regular indoor meetings.

As in England, the Salvation Army's message spread rapidly through Canadian towns and cities. In some places, the Army was initially met with suspicion, hostility, and outright violence. More than one ardent evangelist was pelted with rotten eggs, tomatoes and dirt, and several were injured. Salvation Army members were arrested, too, generally for disturbing the peace, although the culprits were more often the thugs and ruffians who attacked the Army soldiers.

The arrests only drew attention to the Army and its message. Founder William Booth had a flair for publicity which many of his followers emulated. The uniforms, of course, distinguished members from the rest of the population (and were often the only suits poorer members owned). When these crusaders 'assaulted' a town, there might be a parade, complete with the brass band and percussion instruments which eventually became synonymous with the Army. Although few bands of the time were

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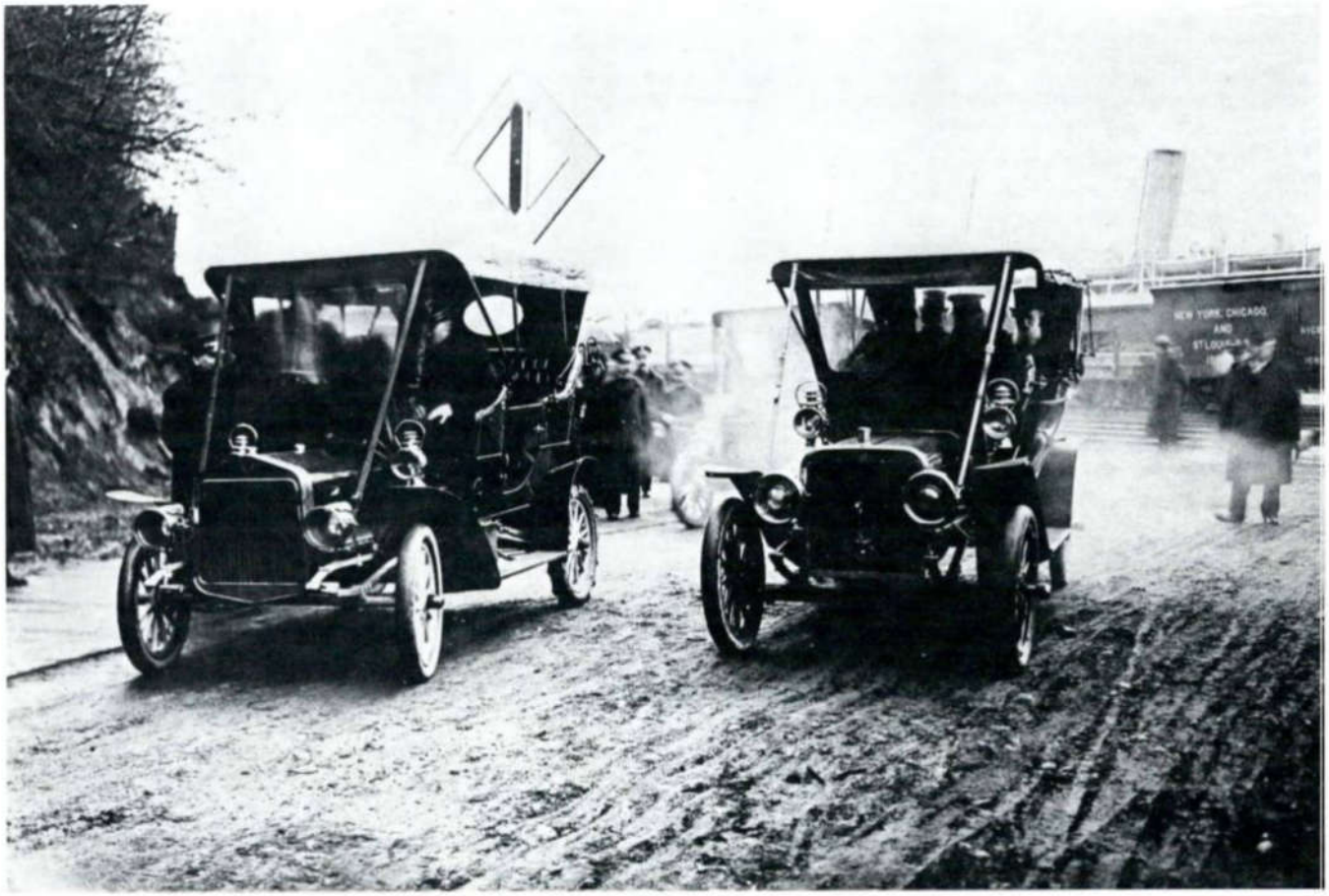
Cheryl MacDonald of Nanticoke, Ontario, author of a number of historical articles, is currently working on a book manuscript on Ontario's Grand River Valley.

Photographs are from the archives of the Salvation Army in Toronto.

In pioneer Canada, the Salvation Army combined great entertainment — lantern shows, singing, dancing, and dramatic testimonials — with meeting the secular needs of the urban poor.



When General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, visited Vancouver in 1907, Mayor Alexander Bethune put the city's automobiles at his disposal.

proficient — in fact, professionalism was discouraged — nobody seemed to mind too much.

Various publicity stunts also drew crowds eager to find out more about this curious congregation. Adjutant Wallace Winchell originated one favourite tactic in Chicago in 1894, when he subpoenaed the devil to a mock trial. Another dramatic presentation was for an officer to preach on eternity while standing before an open, empty coffin. Lantern shows, singing, dancing, and dramatic testimonials made Salvationist meetings great entertainment, and many who came to see the show stayed to seek salvation. In Bowmanville, Ontario, so many leading citizens joined the Army's ranks that local by-laws were drafted forbidding swearing in the streets. And, when vivacious teen-aged evangelist 'Hallelujah Abby' Thompson regularly drew crowds of thousands, an enterprising Kingston cosmetics manufacturer named a face soap after her.

While the Army opened new territory, they naturally continued to offer welfare services to the needy. Their rehabilitation work with alcoholics drew praise from *Saturday Night* magazine in 1888, and, gradually, the establishment realized that despite their unusual methods, the Army was a force for good.

Yet it was an urban phenomenon, aimed primarily at the working classes who inhabited towns and cities. When the Canadian Pacific Railway opened the Canadian West to settlers, the Army moved with them, but, while their efforts had yielded positive results in English-speaking eastern Canada, and even in Newfoundland where Army vessels travelled to isolated outports, this was not the case on the prairies. The rural setting and diverse backgrounds of European immigrants who lived there were far from ideal for Salvationist missionaries. The Northwest, however, was quite another story.

On 17 August 1896, three prospectors discovered gold at Rabbit Creek, (renamed Bonanza, for obvious reasons) a tributary of the Klondike River. The news that 'a single shovelful of paydirt could yield $800 worth of gold' was received jubilantly in the outside world. An international depression, accompanied by widespread poverty and starvation, had robbed millions of hope. Now the promise of quick and easy riches lured thousands to the Klondike. By the end of 1897, nearly 100,000 men had travelled to the gold-fields. Few would find any significant wealth; fewer still would hold onto it. Hundreds would die of cold, exhaustion, disease, accident, and alcoholism.

The swarms of gold-seekers swelled the Klondike population almost overnight. Dawson City fluctuated between 18,000 and 30,000, mostly men, and mostly living in tents or hastily erected shacks. Disheartened by the dangers of the Chilkoot Pass or the journey down the tumultuous Yukon River, discouraged by their failure to strike gold, many were too humiliated to return home or too poor to make the attempt.

The Klondike Brigade of the Salvation Army. These men and women carried a year's supplies and two Peterborough freight canoes over the Chilkoot Pass; then paddled some 500 treacherous miles of the Yukon River to Dawson City.

Salvation Army officers setting up temporary quarters in the 'tent city', where disease was of common occurrence.

Their plight touched the heart of the Salvation Army's newly appointed territorial commander, Commissioner Evangeline Booth. 'The teeming multitudes, mad for gold...all heading north, are indelibly branded in all their unsatisfied craving on my very soul.'

Evangeline Booth would eventually become the Salvation Army's only female general. A charismatic redhead, she might have rivalled Sarah Bernhardt on the stage under other circumstances. Instead, she flung her considerable dramatic, musical and administrative talents into the work her father had begun.

Born on Christmas Day, 1865, she had been christened Eveline, although her father called her Eva after the angelic child in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. She later changed her name to the more euphonious Evangeline. Although her parents worried that they would lose her to the theatre, Evangeline seemed content to confine her roles to the real world. She identified deeply with the poor she encountered in her Army work. 'I was the chimney sweep, the woman selling wilted violets in the square' she once said. She actually did sell flowers in Piccadilly Circus for a time, and played Salvation Army songs on the accordion in pubs.

Her concern about the men and handful of women who were streaming into the Klondike led her to seek permission from her father to create a special field force. General William Booth agreed and by April 1898, six men and two women were ready to leave for the gold-fields.

The Salvationists who volunteered for the mission were zealous crusaders. They had to be, since, at the time, most Canadians considered the Northwest as mysterious and foreboding as the North Pole or the interior of Africa. They also had to be self-sufficient and strong enough to withstand the rigours of the journey that had killed and injured so many before them.

They ranged in age from 24 to 51, under the leadership of Adjutant George Dowell, a Newfoundland miner. Ensign Thomas McGill, a one-time farmer, had pioneered Army work in the Canadian West, and Captain Frank Morris, son of a Salvationist major, had spent time in Manitoba. Captain Fred Bloss, Captain John LeCoq, John Kenny, Nurse Matilda Aiken and Ensign Rebecca Ellery rounded out the little group. They were allotted an average wage of $8 a week — good pay at the time — but after spending $4.50 each for board they would have little to spare. Fortunately, their clothing, food, equipment and other necessities were furnished by the Army.

The Klondike Brigade, accompanied by Evangeline Booth, left Toronto on 15 April 1898, stopping at Brandon and Winnipeg, Manitoba; Fargo and Jamestown, North Dakota; Butte, Montana; and Spokane, Washington; all then part of the Salvation Army's Canadian territory. At each stop, meetings were held to display the equipment and to raise funds for the brigade's work. When they reached Vancouver, a crowd of fellow Salvationists and well-wishers gathered to pray and sing before the party boarded the S.S. *Tees* for the voyage to Skagway, Alaska.

The remote port was the jumping-off point for gold-miners crossing the Chilkoot Pass. On the Canadian side of the border, Sam Steele and the North West Mounted Police upheld the law and maintained the peace. By contrast, Skagway was a rough and tumble American frontier town, where brawls easily escalated into gun-fights and every man carried a weapon.

Like many a frontier town before and since, Skagway had its own crime overlord. In this case, it was Jefferson Randall 'Soapy' Smith, a notorious outlaw, scoundrel and swindler. While the Klondike Brigade carried its Peterborough freight canoes and heavy supply packs towards Dawson City, Evangeline lingered in Skagway to hold revivalist-style meetings. It was inevitable her path would cross that of Soapy Smith.

According to legendary accounts of that meeting, Smith's thugs were prepared to break up the assembly but were stopped by the boss himself. Soapy apparently stayed to listen to Evangeline preach and was moved by her eloquence and faith. Some say he had attended

Commissioner Evangeline Booth.

The Salvation Army shelter, opened in Dawson City, February 1899, was filled to capacity with destitute gold-seekers.

Canada's first native Salvationists in Vancouver, B.C. Undated. The Army encouraged the Indian people to use traditional music, dancing and native tongues in religious services.

Salvationist meetings as a youth and Evangeline's sermons forced him to consider how far he had strayed since that time. Whatever the case, before the flamboyant commissioner left Skagway, the outlaw declared himself converted. He promised to go straight, although he never had the chance to prove his sincerity. Three days after his conversion, he was shot down by a local vigilante. Still, his dramatic change of heart indicates how inspiring Evangeline and other Salvationists could be.

Meanwhile, the Klondike Brigade had arrived in Dawson City. The biggest community west of Winnipeg was a sprawling mixture of shacks, wooden buildings, mud streets, and itinerant gold-seekers. Although the Salvation Army was not the only denomination to send missionaries into the area, the other churches heartily endorsed the Army's practical approach to the problems facing the shifting population.

Their welfare work was sorely needed. By February, 1899, eight months after their arrival, the brigade had built a men's shelter. It was filled to capacity, with an endless line of sick or destitute drifters ready to fill any vacancy. The women were kept busy nursing victims of typhoid, scurvy, starvation and rot-gut whisky. And, aside from fulfilling their religious and secular duties, the Salvationists had the continuing task of raising money for operating expenses.

Envoy Peter Nyce, a Nishga Indian from Canyon City in northern British Columbia, views a parade of Salvation Army bands at the 1982 Centennial celebrations in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Children at the Tisdale Colony in northern Saskatchewan, c.1906. Immigrants were settled here by the Salvation Army, and although the land was good, most families eventually left to take up 'free homesteads' in other localities.

For a little over two years they worked a hectic schedule, but, by 1901, the gold had petered out. The population of the area was around 30,000 at the time; ten years later it had dropped to 8,500. Soon afterward, the Salvation Army in Dawson City closed its doors. They had met the particular needs of a unique situation, and now turned their attention to other endeavours.

Among these endeavours were farming colonies in Tisdale, Saskatchewan, and Coombs, British Columbia. During both world wars, they brought comfort and hot food to front-line troops. They opened hospitals, more shelters for men and women, and continued to offer day-care services for children and the elderly. And they spent considerable time and effort working with the native people.

The Klondike gold rush had a lasting effect on the Indians of the Northwest, since it brought them into contact with Salvationists. Many Indians had worked as packers in the Chilkoot Pass or on the Dyea Trail, carrying burdens over terrain nearly impassable for pack animals. And, as in so many other instances, contact with white men created a multitude of problems. Those who did not succumb to disease still faced dangers from alcohol and cultural shock.

The erosion of traditional native societies had begun before the strike at Rabbit Creek, but the gold rush helped to hasten it. Caught between the old ways and the new, neglecting traditional means of earning a living by hunting and fishing, many Indians sank into poverty, despair and alcoholism. It was a situation in many ways comparable to that of the poor working classes in East London during William Booth's early ministry, and once again the Salvation Army stepped into the breach.

While other churches were dominated by white ministers, the Salvation Army encouraged natives to preach from the first. When William Benson, an Indian converted at Skagway by Evangeline Booth, approached the commissioner and urged her to send missionaries to his people in southeast Alaska, Evangeline replied, 'Benson, you take the message to your people.'

Where other denominations seemed dour and solemn, the Salvation Army was an appealing, musical form of Christianity which approved of dancing and singing as part of worship. The Indians found welcome similarities to their traditional religions. More importantly, the Army sanctioned the use of native tongues in services, and hymns were often set to native tunes.

The word of this new religion spread rapidly among the Indians of Alaska, northern British Columbia, and nearby regions. Converts on 'gospel trips' painted and decorated boats; then, with flags flying and drums beating, a small fleet would go from village to village, praying, singing and erecting buildings where new converts could hold meetings. And, as always, the Salvation Army officers added welfare work to the business of saving souls.

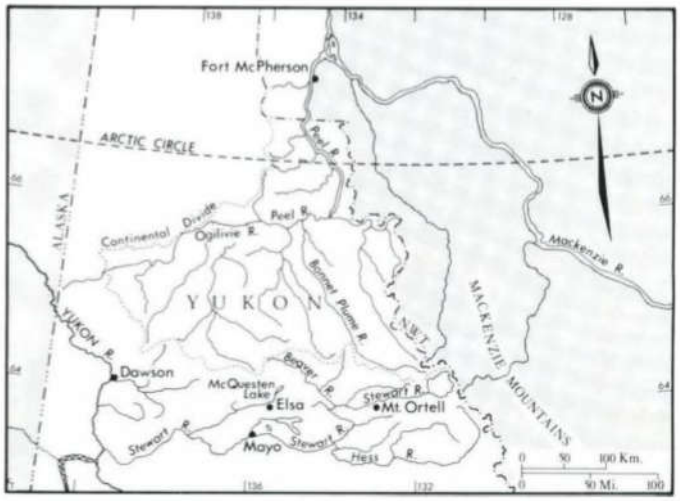
Today in northwest Canada the Salvation Army's work continues to focus on native people. New missions are still opening, and the Army provides greatly needed welfare and counselling services. As the Salvation Army enters its second century in Canada, there is little sign that its faith and fierce determination to improve the lot of humanity is likely to diminish. ◆

Across the Mackenzie Mountains — by Canoe

By Lance Rennie

A foreign affairs officer with the Department of State, Washington, Mr Rennie spent seven summers on archaeological surveys in Alaska and the Yukon during his years at Washington State University. Photographs are by the author unless otherwise credited.

Pat Powers and author Lance Rennie, on one of the thousands of small lakes and ponds near the McQuesten-Beaver watershed.



TUCKED AWAY in the north-western corner of Canada is a special country. Generally referred to as the Mackenzie Mountains, the vast highland between the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers is an immensely beautiful yet harsh wilderness, almost without history. The mountains are sculptured by nine major river systems, only one of which, the Nahanni, has received any modern acclaim. The Nahanni, with its dramatic geological formations and mythology of lost gold mines and homicidal citizens, human or otherwise, has inspired numerous popularized accounts; the valley has recently been designated a Canadian national park.

But to the north of the Nahanni, north and east of the Alaska Highway and its ramifications, lie one hundred thousand square miles of uncelebrated peaks and canyons, tundra plains and spruce forests. This is the land drained by the Peel, Stewart, Arctic Red, and Mountain Rivers, and their tributaries. Few pedestrians have entered this magnificent void, and only a handful have ever traversed it.

The Athapascan Indians once drifted through the valleys in a semi-nomadic pattern of fishing and caribou hunting. The Peel River was the territory of the 'Loucheux' Kutchin; the Stewart that of Tutchone and Nahanni bands.

During the Klondike gold rush the northern Mackenzie Mountains stood in the way of the notoriously impractical all-Canadian 'trails' from Edmonton, Alberta, to the gold fields. Thousands left Edmonton to attack the barrier, but only a few dozen arrived in Dawson by this route. Most were well over a year in the attempt.

In 1911 four Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen, travelling the deep wilderness between Fort McPherson and Dawson City, made one fatal error in navigation to become the 'Lost Patrol' of northern lore. Twenty years later, the infamous 'Mad Trapper' crossed the same mountains eluding his pursuers. Wasted by cold and hunger, he was finally slain by a posse of twelve Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen equipped with the first airplane ever used in the North for search purposes.

The Canol (Canadian Oil) road and pipeline — built in haste and secrecy during World War II to carry oil from Norman Wells to the Alaska Highway at Whitehorse — served briefly. Abandoned in 1945, the right of way is now a light scar on the tundra. During the last three decades, geologic exploration parties have undertaken highly mechanized surveys in some locales; but like Canol, these projects have been ephemeral.

McQuesten Lake

In 1979 the Dempster Highway was completed, linking the Alaska Highway with the Mackenzie Delta. An occasional backpacker or hunting outfitter may step off the road, but so far their range has been quite limited. The trappers, Indians, gold-seekers, and police patrols that once crossed the Yukon-Mackenzie Divide subsequently abandoned the region. Today the interior is more primitive than it has ever been. As for people, only ghosts inhabit the northern Mackenzie Mountains.

To experience the wildest reaches of the Mackenzie Mountains, and to make an unprecedented canoe crossing, six of us went north in the summer of 1980. This was a major undertaking. Even gold-crazed Klondikers a century before had not attempted to drag water craft up to and over the high passes. But they had been content to invest a year relaying supplies and handcrafting rafts and scows at the head of downstream navigation; we were not. Our intention was to cross the mountains in five weeks — the length of time a marginal living can be taken from a canoe crammed almost exclusively with food.

Only two of our party, Jim Gallison and myself, had entered this part of the world before. On those occasions we had backpacked across the Ogilvie Mountains, and canoed the Peel and Mackenzie Rivers to Tuktoyaktuk on the Beaufort Sea. Our unlikely plan to cross the Mackenzie Mountains by canoe attracted the attention of a few eccentric friends and colleagues. In the end, four went with us: Patrick Powers, Brian Nelson, Bruce Lincoln, and Matt Schwarz, students in engineering, biology, and medicine at Washington State University.

On 25 June we began our odyssey of the Mackenzie Mountains at the end of a primitive dirt road on the west shore of McQuesten Lake, near the mining town of Elsa in the Yukon Territory. After two leisurely and sunny hours of lake paddling, conditions began to deteriorate, and this trend continued generally for the remaining 35 days and 600 river miles between us and our destination: Fort McPherson, Northwest Territories.

To reach the Beaver River, a northern tributary of the Stewart, and our access to the region, we first had to traverse a monotonous watershed of lakes, ponds, creeks, and bogs, apparently in the process of being overgrown by muskeg and dense thickets of spruce and willow. The landscape seemed to pounce on us as we left McQuesten Lake and entered labyrinthine tunnels in the vegetation. The atmosphere was hot and windless and, except for the ubiquitous mosquitoes, it was hard to believe that the Arctic Circle was a mere hundred miles to the north. The skies turned steely, but an oppressive humidity remained as we paddled and waded along creeks barely as wide as the canoes.

The McQuesten watershed ended at a lake choked with water plants, but without much water. The source of the Beaver River could not be located. Isolated trickles had been intercepted by the persistent rodent for which the river is named. Beaver infested the area, and their maddening

The McQuesten-Beaver watershed. To portage around the numerous beaver dams, all six men lifted the fully loaded canoes, one at a time, past each obstacle.

Lining the canoes up the upper Stewart River.

At the fork in the upper Stewart River, forty graylings were caught in less than an hour. Pat Powers (left), Jim Gallison and Matt Schwarz.

constructions were everywhere.

'We should have brought a chain saw,' grumbled Jim, surveying the scene.

'Or some dynamite,' suggested Pat.

We pitched our tents that night in a stuffy hollow among the spruce. It seemed as though the trip might have come to an embarrassing end — one day after our carefree departure.

In the course of the following day we hit upon the strategy of using all six of us to portage fully loaded canoes, one at a time, past each obstacle. By late afternoon our equipment had been manhandled to deeper water. But as the brush thinned the weather worsened. Moisture finally left the air and pelted down around us — completing a rude but realistic introduction to the Mackenzie Mountains.

During the night of our first camp on the Stewart, the rain squalls which had plagued us intermittently climaxed in a dramatic electrical storm. Next morning the valley was inundated with haze from acres of burning spruce. From the safety of a sand-bar we watched columns of smoke flare, die, and move about the countryside. Here and there steam billowed from a flaming shoreline, while inland the charred skeletons of stricken trees tilted against a vaporous background of brown and orange.

The entire spectacle apparently went unnoticed by the outside world. No fire-fighters came, nor even a plane or helicopter. But this seemed axiomatic in a wilderness without man-made boundaries. Soon the rivers and the rains triumphed naturally, and nothing remained of this particular fire but an inconsequential swath of spindly, blackened spires — a future home for wildflowers, and a relief for the forest-weary eye.

Harnessed like sled dogs in nylon shoulder slings, we lined our canoes for 17 days and 90 miles up the Stewart. The river changed its character several times, but our workday routine was quickly established and varied little. Walking across sand-bars and ferrying between them, our expedition would occupy a half-mile of river — each canoe within sight of the one adjacent in case of trouble.

The work was alternately arduous, frustrating, and even dull, as turns were taken 'hauling' and 'steering' at the ends of 50-foot bow and stern lines. The perpetual music of the river was interrupted only occasionally — most often by Matt and Bruce. Colliding with rocks, sweepers, and shallows, they would chastise each other loudly, to the accompaniment of their ponderous aluminum canoe which sent out a distinctive racket to echo about and finally die in the vast, virgin forest of black spruce.

Above the mouth of the Nadaleen River the Stewart flows sluggishly through about 30 acute meanders, and we were able to stow the towing lines and paddle upstream. Twenty miles farther on, the river becomes multi-channelled and its velocity increases. The flat heavily forested valley bottom has been extensively eroded, resulting in miles of undercut banks and grounded drift-wood. Trudging crotch deep through freezing water and performing the acrobatics necessary to keep the towing ropes free of brush entanglements, we were slowed to five miles a day, sometimes less.

Preliminary stinting on major equipment purchases now began to haunt the expedition. Garage-sale canoes performed badly and deteriorated at an alarming rate, earning each an appropriate title: 'Monitor', 'Bottom Dweller', and 'Lemon'.

This section was especially difficult for Pat and me, since our canoe 'Lemon' had no keel, and seemed to have a rebellious mind of its own, heading upstream in the main current. We improvised a 15-foot bow pole assembly to exert greater control, but the steersman was still compelled to scramble over the end of each and every log jam, an often treacherous and always time-consuming operation.

The evening of the 4th of July found us camped in the shadow of Mt Ortell, a bold escarpment of sedimentary rock, coloured purple by the midnight sun. A group of prospectors on the Beaver River had told us — presumably referring to the McConnel topographic survey of 1900 — that a government expedition had once lined canoes about as far as Mt Ortell. Was this then the limit of upstream navigation? As we enjoyed our Independence Day bonfire, we could not help but wonder if obstacles yet unknown to us had stopped the McConnel party.

Eighty miles beyond the Beaver River the Stewart divides at a rock-strewn fork. Here we overtook the migratory arctic grayling which had eluded us so far. In less than a half-hour, Jim, Matt and Pat harvested 40 fish from the crystal-clear waters. We camped on the spot and, for the first time in three weeks, filled our stomachs and then some.

Gorged with pounds of white flaky meat, we stood with our backs to the cook fire and considered the two tributaries in front of us. During the Klondike gold rush the southern branch might have floated the occasional stampeder, with his 1,200 pounds of equipment and home-made scow caulked with spruce pitch and winter underwear. But into the opposite fork no white man had ever been. It was up this V-shaped subalpine valley that we steered our canoes the next day.

The north fork turned out to be a hill of water, 25 miles long and 2,000 feet in height. The current wrenched at legs and hips and made it an exasperating struggle to find footing on the algae-covered cobbles of the river bottom. Often crawling on hands and knees around shale outcrops or through tangled willow, we were further harassed by having to stop time after time to wade out and rock canoes off barely submerged boulders.

Wading shoes disintegrated under the stress. The prospect of continuing barefooted caused Pat and Bruce understandable concern. 'Look on the bright side,' I said. 'That glacier water is so cold you can't feel your feet anyway.' They smiled weakly, an exhibition of true character under the circumstances.

Brian Nelson

Bruce Lincoln and Matt Schwarz at the beginning of the ten-mile portage to the Bonnet Plume River.

South of the divide between the valleys of the Stewart and Bonnet Plume Rivers. A rest stop at 5,000 feet.

Four days, eight trips and two caches were needed to cross the Continental Divide to the headwaters of the Bonnet Plume River.

Along fifty miles of the Bonnet Plume River: four major canyons with stretches of nearly continuous rapids.

Brian Nelson

Brian Nelson

The Yukon-Mackenzie Divide was a dozen miles away, and at the end of each day the slopes ahead had to be scouted for the best pass to the Bonnet Plume River. The horizon plummeted behind us, the tree-line approached, and the valley narrowed to a gorge. The graceful art of lining became unworkable, and was replaced by more brutal methods. Canoes were pushed, pulled, even pried occasionally, in order to make headway. This was the very heart of the Mackenzie Mountains, and sooner or later the gaunt high country had to be faced.

We established a base camp at the mouth of a likely looking ravine leading due north. The ravine contained a plunging stream and a spidery walkway of alluvium which could be followed toward the divide. Jim and I made a reconnaissance of the route and had to report, as diplomatically as possible, that ten miles of sullen box canyons and precipitous wind-swept slopes lay ahead. It would have been comparatively easy at this point to give up and float the Stewart all the way back to civilization. This tempting possibility undoubtedly occurred to everyone, but there was no discussion of it.

It required four days, eight trips, and two caches to cross the 5,000-foot mountain barrier and relocate our boats and equipment on the banks of the Bonnet Plume. This was steep country for a portage, and our back trail was soon well marked with bright streaks of fibreglass and aluminum where canoes had fallen from our backs, or where we had dragged them out of necessity.

The friendly spruce forest was left behind and with it our primary source of fuel. We passed a few lonely wizened trees, then entered a bald wasteland of tundra and shattered rock.

One afternoon a violent hailstorm forced us to cringe under overturned canoes for twenty demoralizing minutes. All elements of the environment seemed to be conspiring against us; but there was no turning back, not with everything we owned perched on the side of a nameless mountain.

The little stream we had followed from the Stewart dwindled and finally was lost at a dismal saddle between snow-encrusted peaks. The last of the frozen rain fell and melted in silvery pools among tussocks of frosted tundra. The sodden ground discharged into a small lake, and its outlet was toward the Arctic Ocean. Another mile and we were heading out of the Mackenzie Mountains, the Continental Divide behind us.

The headwaters of the Bonnet Plume seemed an Eden compared to what lay behind, for here was subarctic scenery at its very finest. The landscape exhibited the visually appealing features of a northern exposure and of a prehistoric glaciation. The gently sloping and symmetrical valley walls were decorated with rather open spruce and tundra parkland with a liberal dusting of colourful fireweed. On the horizon were jagged ridge lines consisting of pinnacles and crags of heavily weathered sedimentary rock. The storm was spent, and these massive rock castles

Paddling enjoyably between canyons on the upper Bonnet Plume.

Panorama of the last canyon of the Bonnet Plume River.

changed magically with the sunlight and shifting cloud shadows. The air warmed quickly with each step forward, and the illusion of 'Shangri-La' was completed when we began to encounter small bands of caribou and mountain sheep wandering and feeding pastorally.

By the time we launched our canoes in the Bonnet Plume River much of the anxiety of the mountain crossing had worn off. The dominant emotion was one of satisfaction at having completed a phenomenal portage by conventional standards.

The weather continued hot, and we drifted enjoyably for a mile or so. But Fort McPherson was still a long way off, and our confidence evaporated when we were swept into a totally unexpected canyon. Our maps (a 1:250,000 series) were the best available, but the 500-foot contour lines had swallowed up this highly relevant feature.

In reality the Bonnet Plume incises an ever-deepening trench into the Wernecke Range of the Mackenzie Mountains. Within a distance of fifty miles there are four major canyons with stretches of nearly continuous rapids.

The first canyon has formed in an enormous rock slide or moraine, and accumulations of piano-sized boulders cause a dizzy network of chutes and eddies. In subsequent white-water sections, bed rock is being eroded, and the river flows over resistant strata, resulting in ledge rapids secreted between buttressed and faulted vertical walls.

The canyons of the Bonnet Plume did not impress us as being awesome, but they were certainly picturesque, and nerve-racking as well. Physically drained and nursing dilapidated canoes, we were in no mood for surprises. Yet each shadowy corner presented a mystery, and a new problem in navigation.

Due to an untimely error in communication, all three canoes rounded one craggy bend before scouting — with dismaying consequences! Gigantic blocks of tumbled stone squeezed the river through a gloomy crevice, and the boiling current overcame our last-minute efforts to survive the passage afloat.

Men and equipment were deposited in a relatively tranquil pool at the base of the cascade. Pat and I finished the descent properly seated, but with only our heads and shoulders above water. We paddled comically ashore while our companions swam, horsing their swamped vessels behind them.

At this point it was discovered that Matt and Bruce's canoe had been crumpled like a cheap beer can. Fortunately, the marvellous properties of aluminum averted a potentially disastrous situation. After several hours of crude sculpturing with river cobbles, driftwood and spruce pitch, we were able to refloat the canoe.

Before launching, Matt and Bruce stood back to take a skeptical look at our handiwork. The pair seemed suited to the lopsided and leaking eyesore that they were now stuck with — Matt dressed only in a bikini-style swim-suit, sun-glasses, and face bandages; Bruce outfitted from head to toe, including cowboy hat, gloves, and mosquito netting. There was a moment of silent scrutiny, 'Let's get the hell out of these mountains,' said Matt at last. This was evidently an unspoken sentiment shared by us all. We hurriedly flung our belongings into the canoes and shoved off without looking back.

Below the final canyon the Bonnet Plume splays out into innumerable channels, separated by elongated islands of sediment. This braiding is so prodigious that it may well have inspired the name 'Bonnet Plume'.

With the exception of periodic halts to build fires and warm ourselves, we paddled this stretch almost around the clock. We had to. Our food had dwindled to barely a one-week supply of rice, flour, powdered milk, mouldy macaroni, and a few spices. The river was apparently devoid of any edible aquatic life, and our fly fishermen were in a state of continual frustration. At the same time, a month of cold water and tremendous exertion had given us ravenous appetites.

Jim and I relied on experience acquired under similar circumstances and reintroduced the heroic practice of eating raw cooking fat, ample amounts of which were still in our possession. Being opportunistic, Pat, Bruce, and Brian joined us immediately — but Matt, a medical student, was appalled by these snacks of pure cholesterol. For the rest of the trip Matt remained prejudiced, although Brian plied him with all manner of rational arguments and lip-smacking gestures.

Five days and 300 miles after escaping from the canyons we were bucking headwinds on the lower Peel River and taking turns doing one-hour paddling shifts in the unseaworthy Monitor. It was the end of July, and even here on the Arctic Circle the sun dipped briefly behind the horizon. Night came and an intense sunset of incredible beauty lay across the Mackenzie Delta. All activity ceased for a moment as the spectacle unfolded. At the same time, mechanical sounds began to reach us from the still invisible Dempster ferry. We were back.

I shifted in what felt like a worn groove in the canoe seat and looked at my companions. They were bearded, round-shouldered, and covered with an unsavoury film of sweat, smoke, fish offal, spruce pitch, and mosquito repellant.

We had crossed one of the most rugged and remote mountain ranges left on earth — in canoes! True, we had experienced few glamorous disasters: no bear attacks, broken bones, or hypothermia. Our journey had been just a long grind against every conceivable impediment to navigation. Exhausting labour had filled most days; and we had demonstrated nothing but our ability to endure. But perhaps this is the illusive attraction which a subarctic mountain range holds for some — the challenge of environmental diversity on a vast scale.

Had it been worth the effort? Only time and reflection would answer that. For the time being it seemed more worth while to ponder the question of whether or not a guy could buy a shower at Fort McPherson — and if so, for how much? ◆

The Banditte of St John's

By Shepard Krech III

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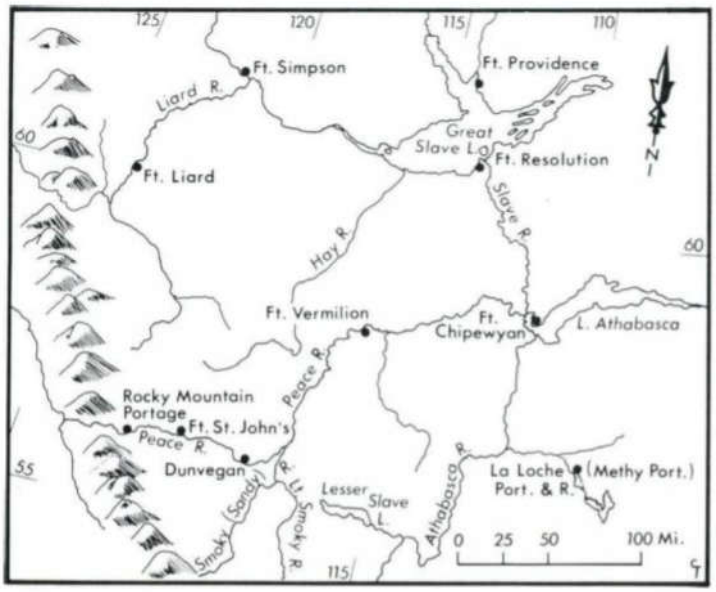
H B C Collection

Fort St John's of 1823 referred to in this article was abandoned after the massacre of Hughes and four other Company men. The Fort St John's above, photographed 6 September 1891, was several miles from the original location.

In the fall of 1823, H B C clerk Guy Hughes tapped his Indian guide on the shoulder; the young man suddenly took ill and died. The next day Hughes was shot by the 'Banditte'. Was his murder because of sorcery or the Company's decision to close Fort St John's?



The affair of the Banditte of St John's began in the fall of 1823, two years after the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies, at the post of St John's in the Athabasca District of the Hudson's Bay Company's Northern Department. The trade had been conducted in this region, mainly by the North West Company, since the mid-1790s: for ten years at Rocky Mountain House, for another decade (until 1814) at Rocky Mountain Portage, and at Fort St John's from 1806 onward. Before it was over, the affair had repercussions at some of the other posts in the Athabasca District (Forts Dunvegan, Vermilion, and Chipewyan) and at Fort Liard in the neighbouring Mackenzie River District.

In the summer of 1823, plans were afoot to close St John's and establish another post, Rocky Mountain Portage, farther west, for the convenience of 'Slaves' (undoubtedly the Sekani) and to ease transport to and from the New Caledonia Department. Francis Heron, who took charge of St John's in the fall of 1823, said — the following year at York Factory — that difficulties began as soon as natives trading at St John's learned of these plans.

In September, Chief Factor William McIntosh told Heron to move the post west to Rocky Mountain Portage by spring, a task that Heron set clerk Guy Hughes to begin to do. McIntosh said, according to Heron, that the new post 'was solely intended for trading with the Slaves, (or Thecanie) Indians, and consequently forbid me having any dealings or intercourse whatever with the Iroquois, or Indians of St John's, all of whom he acquainted me he proposed to attach to the post of Dunvegan; and that I was as soon as possible to communicate the same to them individually.' The St John's Indians were not to be suddenly cut off; McIntosh said that those who found it inconvenient to go to Dunvegan for winter supplies would be given advances at St John's 'on condition that they would promise to take in their fur hunt to Dunvegan during the winter or the ensuing Spring.'

Heron found many Indians, who had learned of the planned shift to Rocky Mountain Portage, gathered at St John's when he arrived there in late October. It was clear that they were displeased with the prospect of trading at Dunvegan; as Heron later related, 'they became quite exasperated, and positively refused complying with his wishes, declaring that however wretched they might be rendered for want of those necessaries they had hitherto been accustomed to receive from the traders, for providing themselves and families the means of subsistence, they were unanimously determined not to barter at Dunvegan.' The St John's Indians were 'exasperated' because of the seeming inflexibility of the Company, in denying them trading access at Rocky Mountain Portage and because the Company did not seem to understand that they and the Indians at Dunvegan 'were generally on bad terms even when they traded at different posts'. Whether this animosity was traditional or fueled initially by the fur trade is not known. The increased contact between the two groups that would take place were both to trade at Dunvegan would mean, the St John's Indians said, that 'their quarrels would daily become more frequent and serious, and in all probability would eventually tend to the destruction of many on both sides.' Heron added, 'they also observed that the country about Dunvegan was not their lands and that they were not Beaver, but Rocky Mountain Indians, on which account also they thought themselves entitled to the privilege of trading at the Portage.'

Heron listened to the fears and complaints of these Indians, to their promise to provision Rocky Mountain Portage and 'to live in the strictest unanimity with the Slaves (or Thecanie) Indians,' but decided that the orders he had received from McIntosh were too strict to change. He even declined to hire as a post hunter the Indian who had interpreted (in Cree, which Heron understood) his and other St John's Indians' grievances, because Guy Hughes, not Heron, had that authority.

'View up stream from Hudson Hope, 1905'. A sketch by E. Lamarque. Hudson's Hope was originally the Rocky Mountain Portage post.

So on 28 October, the Indians moved off 'in sullen silence' and Heron set off upstream with two boatloads for Rocky Mountain Portage, where he arrived on 2 November. Immediately, four men who had helped with the transport left for Dunvegan, via St John's; later, three men followed, to pick up more items at St John's and then return. Hughes had remained alone at St John's.

Heron waited in vain for the immediate return of the three men sent back to St John's. Not until November did he discover what had happened at St John's, from two men who arrived from Dunvegan.

After Heron had left in late October, Hughes tried to employ a guide. All refused except one man, whose shoulder Hughes patted, at the same time telling him he would be fairly paid. Then 'the Indian young man shortly after retired to his tent, apparently in good health, but in a few hours, suddenly took ill, and died that night, which the Indians attributed to Mr. Hughes having thrown some destructive medicine upon him when he taped [*sic*] him on the shoulder, and under this plea, determined, next day to assassinate Mr. Hughes himself.'

On this pretext, which was fully in line with the general Northern Athapaskan belief in sorcery and in Europeans as effective sorcerers, an unsuspecting Hughes was shot the following day between the river and the house by 'a young slave who had been brought up by the Indians of St John's' and an accomplice. One day later, the four men en route to Dunvegan arrived; when they landed at St John's, they also were shot and — because three did not immediately die — were dispatched with hand daggers before their bodies were thrown into the river. Four Indians including the two who killed Hughes, took part in these killings. Others did not interfere, perhaps because they feared the murderers or because they wished to join in pillaging the store after the massacre. Heron thought that 'though several of them had no hand in the murders, yet they viewed the bloody scene with cool indifference, and afterwards assisted in pillaging the place, which too plainly proved that they connived at the murder.'

The three men who followed the first four back from Rocky Mountain Portage damaged their canoes — fortunately for them — and walked to St John's, where they discovered the pillaging and murders before they themselves were discovered, and escaped to some friendly Indians and to Dunvegan.

Were the St John's murders caused by sorcery or by decisions related to the trade? Heron's opinion, influenced by the numbers of 'disaffected' Indians who joined in pillaging St John's, is clear on this point: 'Although the murderers gave out the death of the Indian young man as their reason for killing Mr Hughes the real cause in my opinion proceeded from revenge for being refused permission to trade at the Rocky Mountain Portage, when their own post was abandoned , as well as personal empathy towards himself.' In addition, there is evidence that animosities had been stirring for some time. In the summer of 1822, Indians arriving at Dunvegan spoke of unrest and dissatisfaction at St John's, and in the winter of 1822-23 there was a rumour that the Indians would kill Heron.

Understandably, the Hudson's Bay Company traders were upset at these events and at the report from Colin Campbell, clerk at Fort Vermilion, that the St John's Indians 'declared their intention [to Vermilion Beaver] of attacking our Establishments in summer and even stopping the Canoes in the Fall.' But beyond aborting the attempt to establish Rocky Mountain Portage, the immediate abandonment of Fort St John's, and the closing of Dunvegan in 1825 following antagonisms there, the

'Slavey Indians carrying outfit to Providence' c.1893. From 'Explorations in the Far North' by Frank Russell.

Company reaction was not decisive. It was clear that the Company expected the natives themselves to punish the murderers. George Simpson wrote that the Indians 'need not expect we shall again visit their lands unless our safety is assured by an awful and exemplary punishment inflicted by them on the murderers.'

This passive response (beyond abandoning Dunvegan) did not seem to have had any immediate effect — beyond upsetting the seasonal schedules of other Indians and confounding their decisions on which portions of their territories to exploit. For instance, those who traded at Fort Liard 'crouded', in the summer of 1824, 'on leaving the Fort about the entrance of the W. Branch not knowing what land to turn upon.' They 'were afraid to Hunt — being impressed with an idea that the Beaver Indians so will persue the Perpetrators who may take refuge on the River au Liard and by that means expose the Upper Fort Indians to be murdered in lieu of them.'

In the winter of 1824-25, Indians who traded at Forts Liard, Vermilion and Resolution were upset by the St John's affair. Fort Liard Indians saw unknown, but armed, Indians, and in winter were 'annoyed by other strange Indians who kept sculking about their Camps'. Indians who ordinarily traded at Fort Vermilion stayed near Liard because they were afraid of the Beaver Indians.

In June 1825, there were more scares at Fort Liard, more strange Indians seen, and a camp of five fires on the West Branch one day above the entrance of Beaver River. Murdoch McPherson, the clerk at Liard, reported: 'from the number of Hieroglyphics they left painted upon trees about the camp we are certain it was the murderers of St John's — Among other figures equally allusive there was that of a man smoking his pipe and an Indian in the attitude of firing at him, as likewise a party of several individuals firing at 4 men in a large canoe &c. The assassins evince a great deal of independance, painting their savage actions at our very doors. They are still in the Country between the West Branch and Beaver River living in great abundance upon the cariboux which they take principally in Snares.'

By 1826, George Simpson was writing of the need to act 'decisively' in the St John's affair and contemplating 'punishing the whole Tribe' by abandoning Fort Vermilion, the only post then operating in the Peace River area, because there were reports of Indians 'becoming more insolent and independent daily since the late murders and even the timid Chipewyans do not now hesitate to hold out threats.' Simpson remarked: 'The moderation we have observed in reference to this melancholy affair lowers us in the estimation of the natives throughout the country and induces them to draw inferences so greatly to our disadvantage that every dissatisfied scoundrel will begin to fancy he may shoot or cut the throat of a white man at pleasure without the least apprehension of serious consequence to himself.' Simpson considered abandoning not just Vermilion, but the posts at Liard and Lesser Slave Lake as well; then 'the Peace River Indians will discover that the Butchering of five of our people is no joke.' This would not be counter to the long-run economic interests of the trade, for the temporary loss of trade would be offset, Simpson thought, by the 'improved state in which we shall find the country when re-established.'

By the summer of 1827, George Simpson wrote that the St John's murderers had been pursued but not apprehended by 'several bands' of Beaver Indians, and that he had decided to open the trade once more: 'all the inhabitants of the River seem to be highly dissatisfied with and indignant at their conduct and having already suffered much incon-

Fort Dunvegan. Undated, but believed to be c.1890.

H B C Collection

venience from the measures that have been taken to bring them to punishment which they bore without a complaint, and having conducted themselves entirely to our satisfaction for these last three years we have at their earnest solicitation agreed to reestablish the post of Dunvegan next year.'

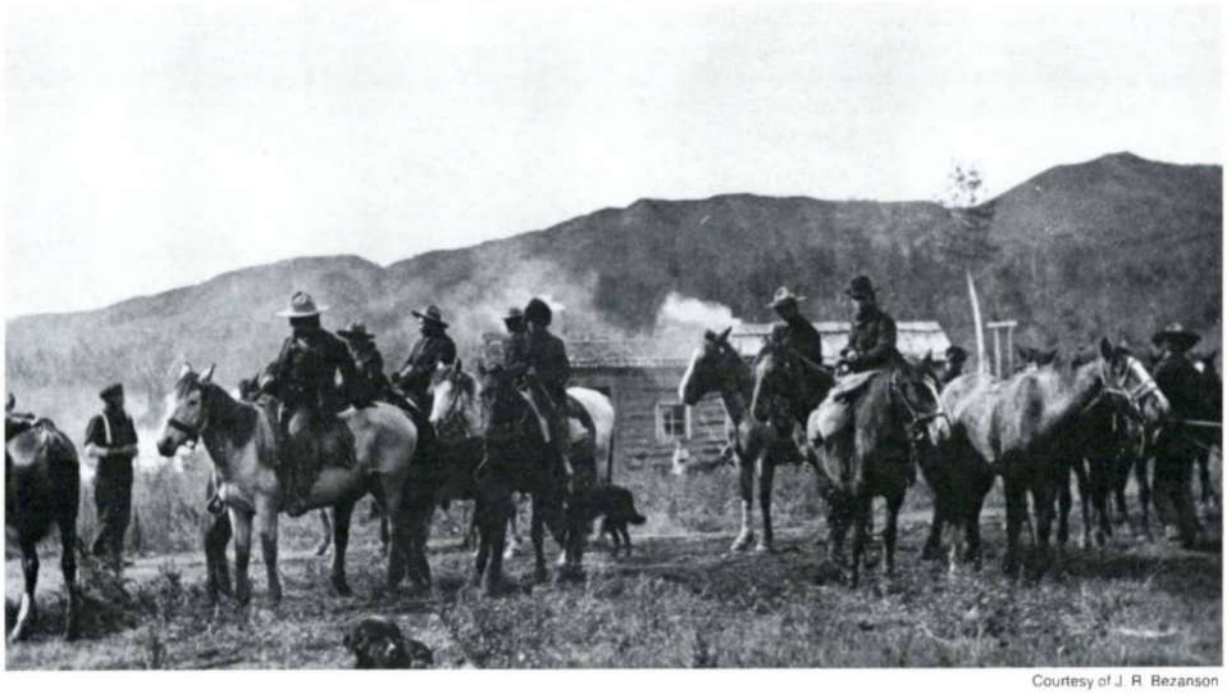
This was almost, but not quite, the end of the affair of the Banditte of St John's. Repercussions continued, especially at Fort Liard, where clerk Murdoch McPherson arrived in July 1827 after his annual month-long trip to Fort Simpson with the returns, to discover the post in 'a state of much alarm. — On the 29th Ult.° Six of the Murderers of Guy Hughes and the other people at St Johns entered suddenly & unobserved into the Fort. They stood in the middle of the Fort, with their arms prepared in their hands, apparently determined to attack or to defend themselves.' The post interpreter, the only Company servant there at the time, 'made use of the most humble professions of friendship to them', gave them tobacco, lured them outside the post, then shut the gates. The Indians remained about the fort for one week, during which time they tried to scale the walls and to shoot the interpreter but failed at both.

Some confusion resulted from this aggressive action and from further threats against both Fort Liard and Fort Simpson. The Banditte said that Company traders in Peace River were 'telling the Beaver Indians to kill them and were giving Pouder and Ball for that purpose: But that their Guns and pistols were now loaded with that very Pouder and Ball'; that they themselves were not Beaver but 'nearly connected with them'; and that they wanted ammunition and 'would return again when the Berries would be ripe, and if they did not succeed here they would go to Fort Simpson.'

Pouce Coupé , one of the trading leaders of a band of Fort Liard Indians, tried to assist the traders. McPherson said that Pouce Coupé 'finds it hard that we are obliged while we are upon his lands, to keep our Gates shut day & night, and to keep a constant watch to protect our lives & property; but however willing he appeared to be to relieve us of these inconveniences he could not get the majority of his adherents to be of his opinion — Niltsitaibeta who is Known to be in perfect intimacy with the Banditte opposed him in every proposal he made to molest them. Two only of his Party were willing to second the Leader in his proposals.' This is a revealing comment on the limited authority of Slavey leaders, especially, perhaps, trading leaders or Hudson's Bay Company 'Chiefs' who were annually clothed, as was Pouce Coupé. Grand Blanc, another trading leader, sent a message 'regarding the Murderers from Peace River, whom he does not wish should be molested upon his lands, apprehending the consequences to his tribe from the Beaver Indians, &c &c —'.

The Banditte of St John's said that his band was large — 'So many that two Bulls were only one meal for them' — and it appears that joined with him at this time was Michel La Cas, one of the Indians responsible for the 1812 killing of Alexander Henry at Fort Nelson. La Cas arrived at Fort Liard in September 1827, and his actions made McPherson very suspicious: 'He wished much to get a New

Beaver Indians at Fort St John's, 1906. Photographed by A. M. Bezanson.



Courtesy of J. R. Bezanson

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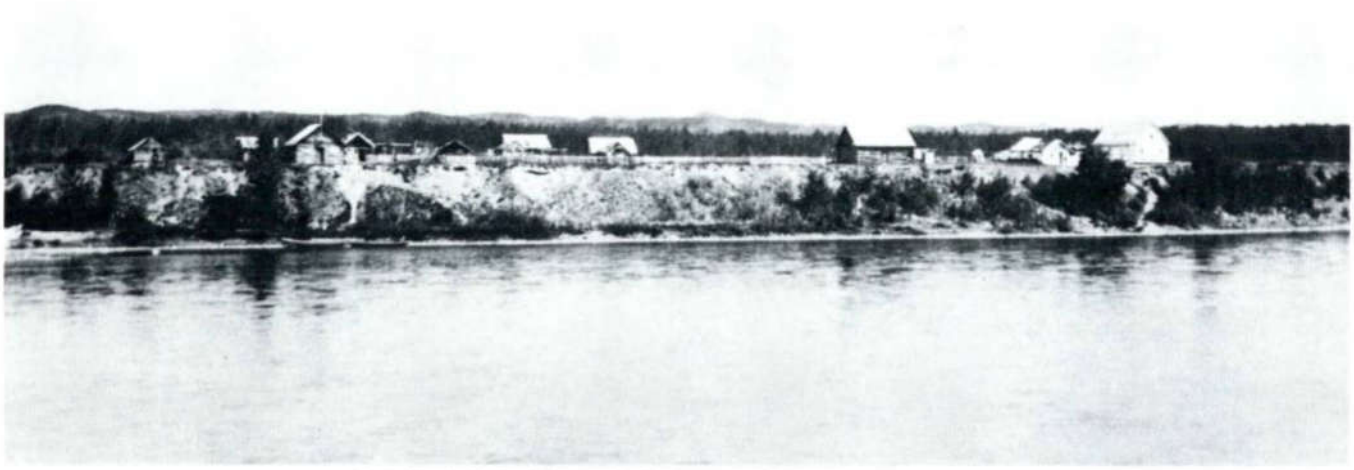


Fort Liard. Undated, but probably late nineteenth century.

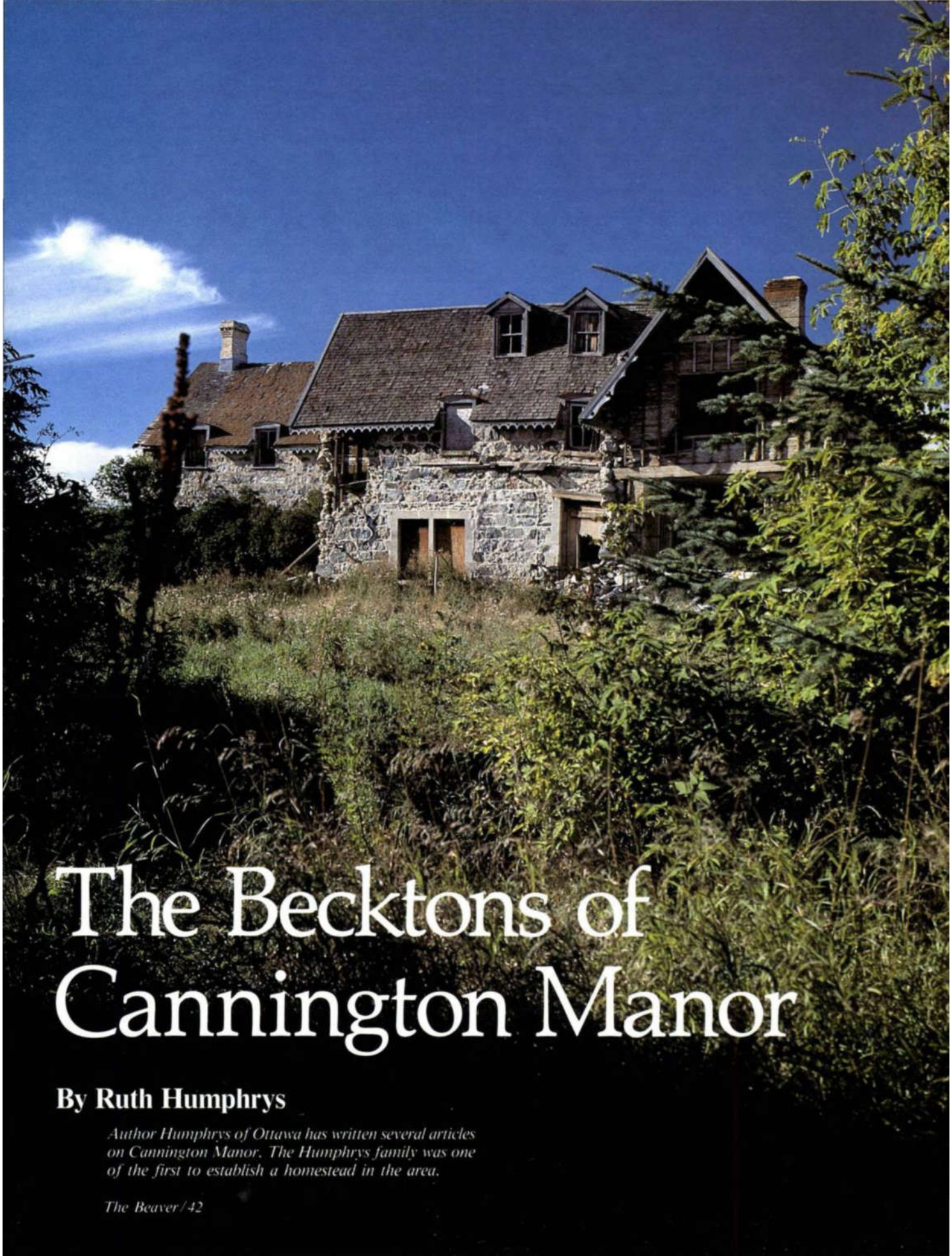
Gun but having a very good one of last spring it was denied to him — His frequent & numerous enquiries of the Interpreter gave us a suspicious opinion of him — but he cannot take us unaware; we always keep a regular & constant watch.' One of La Cas's suspicious actions was to request, through his brother, that a boat come for provisions; McPherson, perhaps remembering Henry, did not go. La Cas traded at Fort Liard in the early 1820s, but he often came alone or with a brother. Another implicated in Henry's murder, Partrie Blanc, 'creeped like a snail into the Fort' with a heavy load of provisions, for the first time in 1824. La Cas spent most of this time on the West Branch, while many of the Fort Liard Indians were on the East Branch of the Liard; Simpson remarked that La Cas and the other murderers had been, since 1812, 'in a state of banishment from their nation'. This, apparently, was the sanction levied against them. La Cas may also have been forced, by other Slavey, to give up the goods he stole and to work in servitude for a leader of another band for some time. In 1831, Michel La Cas went to join Pouce Coupé, a leader of a band, the first time he had not been virtually alone; his 'banishment' may have ended.

The fall of 1827 passed without incident, and with winter came whooping cough. The following spring, word arrived that the St John's Indians had suffered and wished to trade beaver skins for axes and ammunition. They had apparently repented also: 'they were very sorry for what they had already done to the Whites — That they were drunk when they committed the action — That they had a great deal of misery to procure the means of living since two Winters now — That a small party of Beaver Indians from Ft. Vermilion had passed part of the Winter with them and left them lately to go & work Beaver in the direction of Hay River — That Three men of their own Party died in the course of this Winter, and that Two others were still sick.'

Later in the spring, the St John's Indians were seen with some Sekani on their way to Fort Liard, and although McPherson was apprehensive of these Sekani, whose numbers were 'formidable' and who, he thought, were 'laid to this Quarter by the Banditte', Chief Factor Edward Smith replied that the Sekani 'are no ways concerned in the ever lamented Murders of St. John's. To them you will require to do the Needy — its only Want and privation that has sent them to your door — to beg our protection and support — against famine and death — save them if you can.'

The dangers had passed. Dunvegan was reopened in 1828 (but posts to the west of Dunvegan, between it and the mountains, would not be re-established for several decades), and the Indians attached to Liard and the other posts were able to turn their full attention once again to exploiting furs and provisions for the trade and to the traditional subsistence quest. It is a good thing that the danger — imagined or real — emanating from the Banditte had disappeared, since the several years beginning in 1829 were extremely difficult from the standpoint of resources. In 1830, the hare cycle declined to its ten-year nadir and moose were scarce, perhaps because so many were so easily killed in deep snow the preceding winter; that same year, disease also affected some groups.

At Fort Liard, the rapid ebbing of hostilities was signalled by an incident that happened in the summer of 1829. In August, Company servants making ashes let a fire upwind of and close to the post get out of hand, and Michel La Cas and another Indian helped keep the fire away. McPherson commented: 'Fifteen years ago these two individuals were the principal agents and instigators in reducing the former Establishment on this river to a heap of ashes — last night they were indefatigable in their exertions to keep this one from receiving any injury!'◆



The Becktons of Cannington Manor

By Ruth Humphrys

Author Humphrys of Ottawa has written several articles on Cannington Manor. The Humphrys family was one of the first to establish a homestead in the area.

UNTIL THE DAY OF HIS DEATH in June 1888, Captain Edward Michell Pierce, the founder of the settlement of Cannington Manor, held firm his dream that someday — when the railway came — his village would become an important city of Western Canada. In spite of unkept election promises and his own failing health, he was buoyed by the knowledge that new settlers of means and serious intent were arriving in the district in response to his glowing advertisements in British newspapers. They were building substantial houses for their large families, who, in their turn, with their youthful vigour and enthusiasms, would carry on the further development of the community.

The Captain was not well enough to meet most of the new arrivals, but they were just what he wanted: 'people of education and good background' who would respond to his desire to maintain the English way of life, with the manners, customs and privileges of the day. They would live the good life of landed gentry, supported well by profitable farms and successful small businesses. The alien climate and unremitting toil were not mentioned. His own family had adapted well, and had looked upon the change from luxurious to primitive living as one of high adventure; he may have expected that other young people would respond in the same way. Yet he knew only too well the light-hearted approach some of his farm pupils, the 'Captain's Pups' as they were known, had taken towards hard work, and the serious devotion they gave to tennis, horses, cricket, and other non-profitable pursuits. Some young people did fulfil his expectations and added their strengths to those of the Canadian settlers: 'respectable labouring folk' as one young woman described them, splendidly unaware of her condescension. So the settlement thrived and grew, a little.

Best known of Pierce's Pups were undoubtedly William and Ernest Beckton who had come to Canada at the behest of their maternal grandfather, Matthew Curtis, a wealthy cotton magnate and three times mayor of Manchester. He was a man of rigid standards, it was said, who was not much impressed by his grandsons' attitudes and lack of purpose. How willingly they came is not recorded, but once in the village they found their new freedom from restraint and family expectations greatly to their liking. Although they were very young (Ernest was 19 and William, 18) they did not stay with the other pupils in the dormitory-like room attached to the Pierce house, but built a bachelor shack close by. At first they gave some attention to the business of learning to farm and bought horses and a cow, but as work had not been of consuming interest in England, they were not about to get too involved with it in Canada, particularly when there was so much else of interest to occupy their time.

One of their peers described the boys as being 'typical good-looking blonde Englishmen', and a sister, writing of the family, said, 'I think we are as pure Norman Saxon as English people can be. I don't think we have either Irish or Scotch blood but we are north country. Family papers record that the Curtis side of the family traces its line to the thirteenth century, and the 'de Beckton' name appears in early Cheshire writs. An ancestor, Thomas Beckton, had come from Cumberland to the Manchester area to establish a cotton mill, an enterprise which flourished and gave to succeeding generations a life of wealth and privilege which, in the early Victorian years was threatened by the growing labour unrest. At the time of the Chartist riots, Joseph, a son of Thomas Beckton, alone and unarmed, faced an angry mob which threatened to burn down the mill. His home too was attacked by the frustrated workers, and a little daughter's most vivid childhood memory was cowering in a dark kitchen cupboard while outside people threw stones and shrieked their intention of pulling down the house. Somehow Joseph Beckton was able to subdue the unhappy workers and save his property and the family fortune.

In 1887 Matthew Curtis died and left a fortune of over £200,000. His wife had predeceased him; his son, daughter, and grandchildren inherited the estate. Ernest and William hurried home to claim their share and spend the winter in England. In the spring of 1888, accompanied by a younger brother, Herbert, then 19, they returned to Canada on board the *Circassian* where they met other passengers bound for Cannington Manor: C.D. Steedman, A.L. Bellhouse, and Cecil Blasson — young, single men prepared to 'bach it' in a shack. And there was John Stanier, whose big party included his wife, sister-in-law, a lady-help, and seven sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Jack, had been in the country several years and was now in the process of building a house and establishing a farm for the family.

The voyage was one of expectation and adventure, heightened no doubt by the Becktons' enthusiastic descriptions of the wonderful life ahead on the prairie. Travel in those days was not without incident. Their steamer broke her shaft off Newfoundland, and for two days and nights drifted in a fog until towed to Halifax by another liner. Prairie-bound on the Canadian Pacific Railway, the travellers experienced another accident. Somewhere in the northern Ontario woods the last car of the long train left the rails and turned over in a ditch. 'Well do I remember this,' wrote sixteen-year-old Florence Stanier. 'I was standing beside the water tank when the bumping began. The car turned over and the water tank emptied itself on me. I was soaked to the skin and could not change, but took no ill effects. The next move was to get out of the car and we smashed a window and climbed out one by one. Another member of the party got a broken rib, but otherwise no one was hurt.' After a night on a siding the train resumed its way to the Fourth Siding (Moosomin) and the new way of life so eagerly anticipated.

The Becktons knew what they wanted to do, and they lost no time in getting on with their plans to build what they hoped would be the finest horse-breeding ranch in Western

'The Ranch', abandoned by the Becktons in 1897, as it is today. Photographs in colour are by Menno Fieguth.

Canada. They would import thoroughbreds and introduce a breed of animal to the West of a higher order than those already there. The building and equipping of the ranch was a big undertaking and it changed the life and economy of the community. To carpenters, masons, plasterers and other skilled artisans in the district it gave steady employment and better than average wages. Many a farmer in the area found it profitable to leave the daily chores of the homestead to wife and children, while he took on labouring jobs at the ranch or worked at Brayford's sawmill in the bush. Some with good teams of oxen or horses hauled stone for the buildings from nearby Antler Creek, brought in logs from Moose Mountain, and freighted many loads of imported supplies and furniture from the railway line forty miles north. One settler recalled in later years the pleasure and the novelty it was for some of the hard-pressed people to have 'real cash' in their pockets. 'Jobs at the ranch helped farmers with crop failures to go on farming and stay alive, and gave a start to some who had nothing to start with!' It was a hopeful and happy time. The good fortune of the Becktons was not resented; they were seen as benefactors whose generous wages eased the struggle for many pioneers and whose hospitality eased the boredom for many others.

Sometime in 1889 the ranch was ready for occupancy. It was named 'The Didsbury Stock Farm' after their hometown near Manchester, but to everyone for miles around it was known as 'The Ranch'. The house was a splendid, extravagantly styled stone mansion of twenty rooms. Although the exterior was a bit of an architectural mishmash with gables, French windows, dormers, and verandahs, it still gave the overall impression of a gracious English country house. Inside the ambience was of comfort and luxury with fine furniture and gleaming appointments in high-ceilinged rooms. From the spacious entrance hall a staircase led to the bedrooms above. On the right of the hall was an elegant thirty-foot dining-room with a bay window at one end and entry to the pantry and kitchen at the other. Across the hall was the L-shaped drawing-room with large, deep-seated windows; behind it, a small study. Adjoining the drawing-room on the left was the twenty-four by twenty-seven-foot billiard room. With its ornate, tile-faced fireplace, carved woodwork, and mahogany billiard table it was the centre of many convivial gatherings, for the brothers were known for their lavish and on-going hospitality. The whisky flowed, and the talk was of horses and hounds, of hunting and shooting and racing. The walls were hung with hunting prints and pictures of well-known jockeys, famous horses, and favourite dogs. An elaborate

The Becktons lived at Didsbury for only eight years. Here, two of the brothers (far left and right) gather with their guests for a meet.

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steel case held fine racing and hunting equipment. At one end of the room was an upright piano, and there was usually someone about who could accompany the celebrants when they lifted their voices in joyous song. If the party began to flag they raised the top of the piano and poured in a shot of brandy — 'which may account for the fact that it is still playable,' comments the present owner.

Later, the brothers found it expedient to add six small bedrooms over the billiard room, with a separate back entrance and hall. 'The Bachelors' Wing', they called it; the 'Rams' Pasture', it was dubbed. It was the generous custom of the hosts to put up guests overnight when the weather was inclement, the hour late, or the visitors incapable of going home, or of being welcomed when they got there. More than one young wife of the community had to accept, with how much grace is not recorded, her husband's departure after the day's chores, for a relaxing evening at The Ranch, while she stayed with the children. There were two old soldiers on staff in the bachelors' wing, one of whom was an expert billiard player and marker. His duties included keeping the decanters filled, and putting to bed those *bons vivants* who found the way too confusing, first removing their boots to be cleaned later, along with their guns and mud-bespattered clothes, and if they cursed the old retainer for his slowness, he, well-trained and long-suffering, always replied, 'Yes sir, thank you, sir!' but he expected 'something for my inconvenience'.

The horses lived in as much splendour as their owners, and were more comfortably accommodated than many of the settlers. It was the purpose of the Becktons to have a barn fit for any racing stable in the world and they achieved a veritable showpiece. Built of the same grey-blue stone as the house, it measured one hundred and twenty by twenty-four feet, and was well ventilated with a good drainage system. The entire interior was lined with varnished mahogany matchboarding and each hardwood stall and loose box had the occupant's name above it on a polished brass plate. The trophies and ribbons were on display in glass cases in the trophy room; saddlery and harnesses were kept behind glass in the harness room. Under the strict eye of the groom, Harry Keal, brought over from Lord Yarborough's stud farm in England, the horses were always groomed to show condition, and there was a daily scrubbing and polishing and shining of brass, steel, glass and leather, and more than one daily mucking out of the stables.

Other buildings were in keeping. The foreman had a pleasant little stone house, and for the strappers (grooms), usually eight on staff, there was a good bunk-house. There was a barn for the brood mares, and a cow barn where a lone cow was almost edged out by the saddle ponies. The foxhounds, of Isle of Wight stock, had been imported from Iowa. They had their kennels as did other pure-bred dogs, including three fine bull terriers. There was a hog house, and, at one time, a games house for fighting cocks. This

The wealthy young Becktons, their race horses and hunting dogs, lived in splendid style on the prairies near Moosomin. Their money gave stability to the district; their exuberance added zest to pioneer life.

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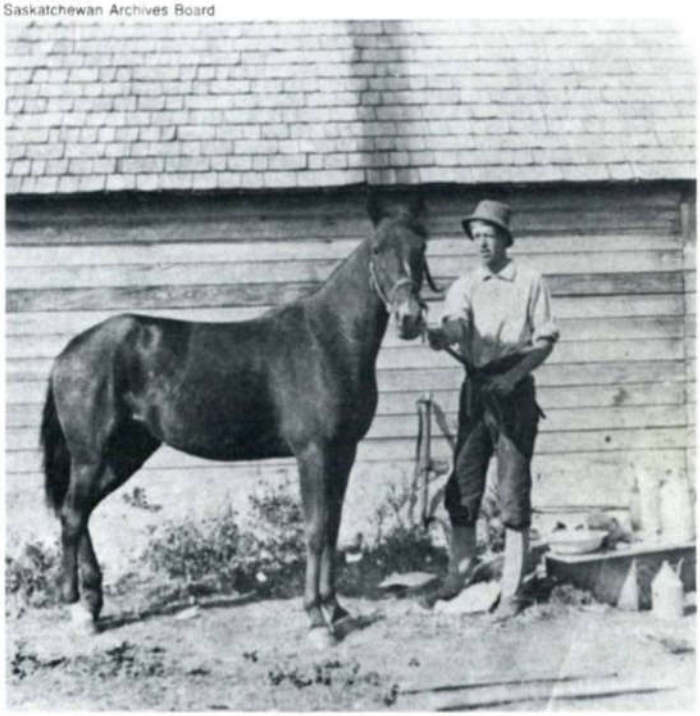
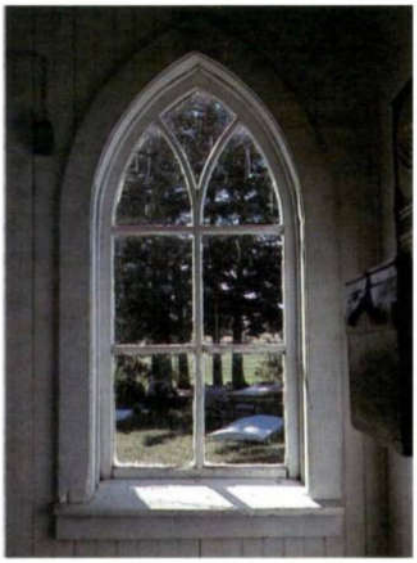


Ernest Beckton tends one of the horses in his racing stable.

sport did not catch on, evidently, not because of any twinges of conscience, but during the first winter the unhappy birds froze. In addition, a large driving shed housed every conceivable type of buggy and cutter, and a dogcart, complete with a seat behind for 'the tiger', built by the village wheelwright. Perhaps this little luxury was for Jessie Pierce who married Ernest Beckton in September, 1889.

Everyone in the settlement shared in the festivities of the wedding. No work was to be done on the gala day except to erect a triumphal arch, which, unfortunately, blew over in the strong autumnal breeze. The bride's brother, Duncan, who had married a Miss Dodds, and was now employed at the Crooked Lake Reserve, came with his wife and baby



All Saints Church, Cannington Manor, consecrated in the summer of 1885. Here four years later, Jessie Pierce was married to Ernest Beckton. The church is now closed to the public, but still maintained by the parish.

daughter to share in the ceremony. The little church was filled to overflowing as Jessie walked down the aisle on Duncan's arm. She wore a soft white silk dress which she described as being 'literally covered with exquisite draperies of heirloom lace'. It had been lent to her by Mrs Henry Hanson, one of the church organists, who had recently come with her husband and family from Constantinople. The bride was followed by her sister Lily and three small attendants, the little girls resplendent in 'white mull frocks and enormous sashes of Liberty silk, maize, pink and blue'. William was his brother's best man, and the rector at the time, Mr H.B. Cartwright, performed the ceremony.

There was a splendid reception at the Pierces' 'Great White House' where, after the custom of the time, the bride and groom were taken in a buggy pulled by several young men, and followed by a happy crowd of friends and neighbours. After a honeymoon in the Eastern United States they came home to the ranch — to Jessie, 'a veritable Aladdin's Palace' — and a new way of life for the young woman whose days had been filled with hard work under primitive conditions. Now there were two competent maids and a cook to take care of the household chores. The Ernest Becktons were fortunate. Several Cannington Manor families who had brought servants from England found that they did not remain long 'in service'. The men took up land themselves and the young women married. Thus pioneer wives and daughters learned, not without tears and failures, how to bake bread and do the heavy scrubbing and cleaning. It was Jessie's sister, Frances, who described her introduction to housework. 'I could not sweep a room or boil a potato. I took a broom in hand, cheerfully and with confidence that first day, and would you believe it, stopped, bewildered, hopelessly at sea as to where to begin.'

The Pierce girls soon learned where to begin but Jessie was pleased when she found that 'I had nothing to do but to enjoy my liberty from the monotonous chores, my pretty rooms, books, and unrestricted leisure'. But she found out that she did have responsibilities. There was the daily consultation with the cook and the management of the big household with its outside staff to provide for. Provision was always made for the unexpected guests, as Jessie and Ernest seldom dined alone. The meals were hearty and generous: soup, followed by fish, then game and 'the joint', and to finish, a choice of savouries. The household used a hundred pounds of meat a week, and as the local man could not supply enough good cuts to keep their staff happy, they had to bring in much of their food from Moosomin.

With such a table it is little wonder that Didsbury was popular with neighbours and travellers alike. For anyone staying over, hot breakfast dishes and unlimited coffee were served until 9:30 a.m. 'After that only the sideboard could be relied on,' wrote Jessie, 'huge sugar-cured hams, game pie, and cold meats.' And she added the recipe for Didsbury Game Pie. 'Line a good large round milk pan with a good crust and as a foundation, three to four pounds of venison steak. Fill to the brim with prairie chicken,

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Jessie Beckton (née Pierce), wife of Ernest Beckton.

Beckton family collection

Florence Beckton (née Stanier), wife of Herbert Beckton.

The foreman's house, as it is today. The Beckton buildings, outside the boundaries of Cannington Manor Historic Park, are not scheduled for restoration.

mallard ducks, teal, snipe. Season to taste, cover with crust and bake from two to three hours'.

It was a popular dish during the hunting season when the Cannington Manor Hunt and Turf Club met at the Becktons for breakfast. With a barn full of saddle ponies and a kennel full of hounds, racing and hunting filled their minds and their days. Almost every young person interested in riding owned a saddle horse. If not, the brothers had a choice of mounts to lend their friends. A few of the young women, including Mary Maltby and Gladys Scaife, a daughter of the Hansons and a member of the well-known British theatrical family, rode to hounds, but most of the women considered it too dangerous, although many of them had mounts and enjoyed riding. The lively Florence Stanier who married Herbert Beckton in 1891 wrote, 'We had all been given good saddles before leaving England, and I also had a flowing habit of grey, braided, with which I was very pleased. Occasionally, when quite alone, I dared to ride astride, but it would never have done to let anyone see me.' Sometimes, to share in the excitement, a few of the more daring women followed the hunt in buggies, at times driving at breakneck speeds to be in at the find. 'The hunting was excellent,' a rider recalled, 'foxes plentiful, runs of forty minutes without a check, scent nose high, were not unusual, with a kill in the open.' The industrious Canadian farmers shook their heads to see crops neglected in favour of this madcap sport, although the Becktons' three half-sections were not neglected. They could always find extra help at twenty-five dollars a month to bring in the crop.

It was an informal Hunt Club. Harry Keal and Paul Bray usually served as whips, but there was no regular Master. As Ernest Beckton and Jack Baker had been ardent huntsmen in England and owned foxhounds, they frequently took the lead, but others were sometimes given the opportunity. Dress was casual: some riders wore hunting tweeds, with folded stock, regulation boots and caps; others wore whatever they had. Arthur Hewlett, who had come out in the nineties to work for Doctor John George Hardy, firmly dismissed as 'romantic nonsense' the idea that 'hunting pinks' were ever worn.

At the opening of the season, families in the big houses who wished to entertain the meet at breakfast, sent in their names and were assigned dates. Sometimes, Doctor Hardy and his wife, the former Freda Humphrys, did the honours, and no story of Cannington Manor is complete without

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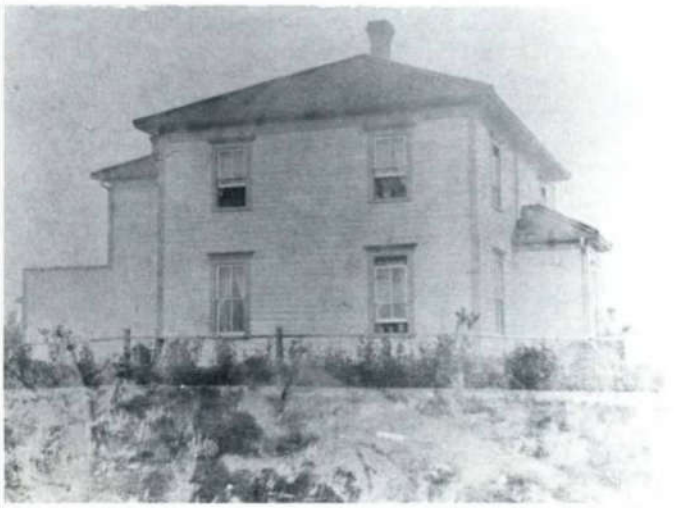
Harry Keal, foreman of the Beckton stables, with the Becktons' prize racing stud, Jase Phillips. The horse had two Derby winners in his pedigree.

Ruins of the Beckton stable, 1978, and below, Mayfield, home of the Herbert Becktons, undated.



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mention of its much loved doctor. Trained at Durham and Edinburgh Universities, he had given up a large practice and the life of a country squire in England in the hope that the health-giving air of the Canadian prairies might help his chronic asthma. He was a keen lover of sport and an expert horseman whose strong, fast horses had powers of endurance said to equal his own. As the only doctor in a wide area between Moosomin and the international border, his practice was arduous and unremitting; yet he did not spare himself. He was not only a skilled surgeon and medical advisor but a friend and counsellor to all his patients, and a steadying influence on some of the young bachelors who revered him even as they dubbed him 'Pills'. He loved life and the community he had chosen and served it as Coroner, District Health Officer, and Justice of the Peace. In this latter capacity he had a favourite story. A young Indian, Ka-Kake-Away, was before him explaining the circumstances of a bitter family quarrel during which one of his squaws, who had somehow obtained some whisky, had severely bitten the poor fellow's nose. The Doctor addressed him through an interpreter and asked him why he could not keep order in his household. The Indian muttered something which the interpreter hesitated to translate. The doctor insisted. 'He says,' said the man, 'that if you had three squaws like his you wouldn't ask a damned fool question like that!'

The Indians of the White Bear Reserve got along well with the settlers, although some of the white man's customs were beyond their understanding. One young Indian, in honest bewilderment, wanted to know why it was necessary to have so many men and horses and yelping dogs when they just wanted to catch one little fox.

The time of chasing the one little fox always culminated in the Hunt Ball, the gala social affair of the year. It was held in the hall above the schoolhouse, the centre for most of the entertainments and parties. Invitations were issued and formal dress was worn, a rare chance for the ladies of the community to wear their ball gowns and jewellery. On one occasion when Jessie Beckton was in charge of arrangements she curtained the bare windows with madras muslin, hung the rough lumber walls with red Hudson's Bay Company blankets and put bales of hay here and there about the hall. She was delighted with the effect which she thought appropriate to the Hunt, and which probably served as insulation also, although the schoolhouse was most up-to-date with a wood-burning furnace. It also boasted a platform with footlights and a good dancing floor. It was to Jessie's chagrin that Ernest could not dance and would not try. An elaborate dinner was cooked by the wife of the hotel proprietor, and served using the fine linen, silver and china lent by the Becktons. At one ball, during the dance, someone cried, 'Yoicks, Gone Away!' and jumped over his chair. It was the signal for an impromptu 'hunt' as the high-spirited 'huntsmen' cleared their chairs and anything else that could serve as a hurdle. 'Joyfully exultant as only youth can be!' wrote Jessie. 'I forget how

many chairs figured in the bill.'

They were a fun-loving group. The story is told that after one Saturday evening party which ran merrily into Sunday morning, it was decided that the hour was more suited to hunting than to sleeping. No sooner said than mounted. As chance would have it the happy huntsmen and their dogs met their God-fearing friends and neighbours as they were leaving morning service. The rector made it clear, and at some length, that he was not amused, and was particularly displeased to see one of his choristers, 'Cookie' Steedman amongst the cheerful sinners.

But hunting was merely the diversion. The declared business of the ranch was the importing, breeding and racing of thoroughbreds, and to this purpose, William Beckton and one of the jockeys, Tony Purser, travelled to the United States in search of the best available horses. The brothers had as many as eight jockeys in their employ at one time or another, two of whom had been brought from England, one for steeple-chasing, the other for track racing. In Tennessee they purchased their stud, Jase Phillips, sired by Great Tom, an import from England with a distinguished record at Ascot, Doncaster, and other well-known British courses. King Jase had two Derby winners in his pedigree, and during his racing days had enjoyed considerable success on American tracks. At Didsbury, in addition to his harem of eight fine mares Jase serviced small broncos, and produced a strain noted for speed and strength.

Best known of the racing mares was Imogene II who once won the Queen's Plate in Winnipeg. The names of other horses under the familiar orange and black colours of the Beckton brothers were known and respected in Chicago, Minneapolis, and St Paul, as well as western Canadian tracks at Winnipeg, Brandon, and Regina. In 1895, at the 'old Show Fair' in Regina, they ran 'in the money' in all the events.

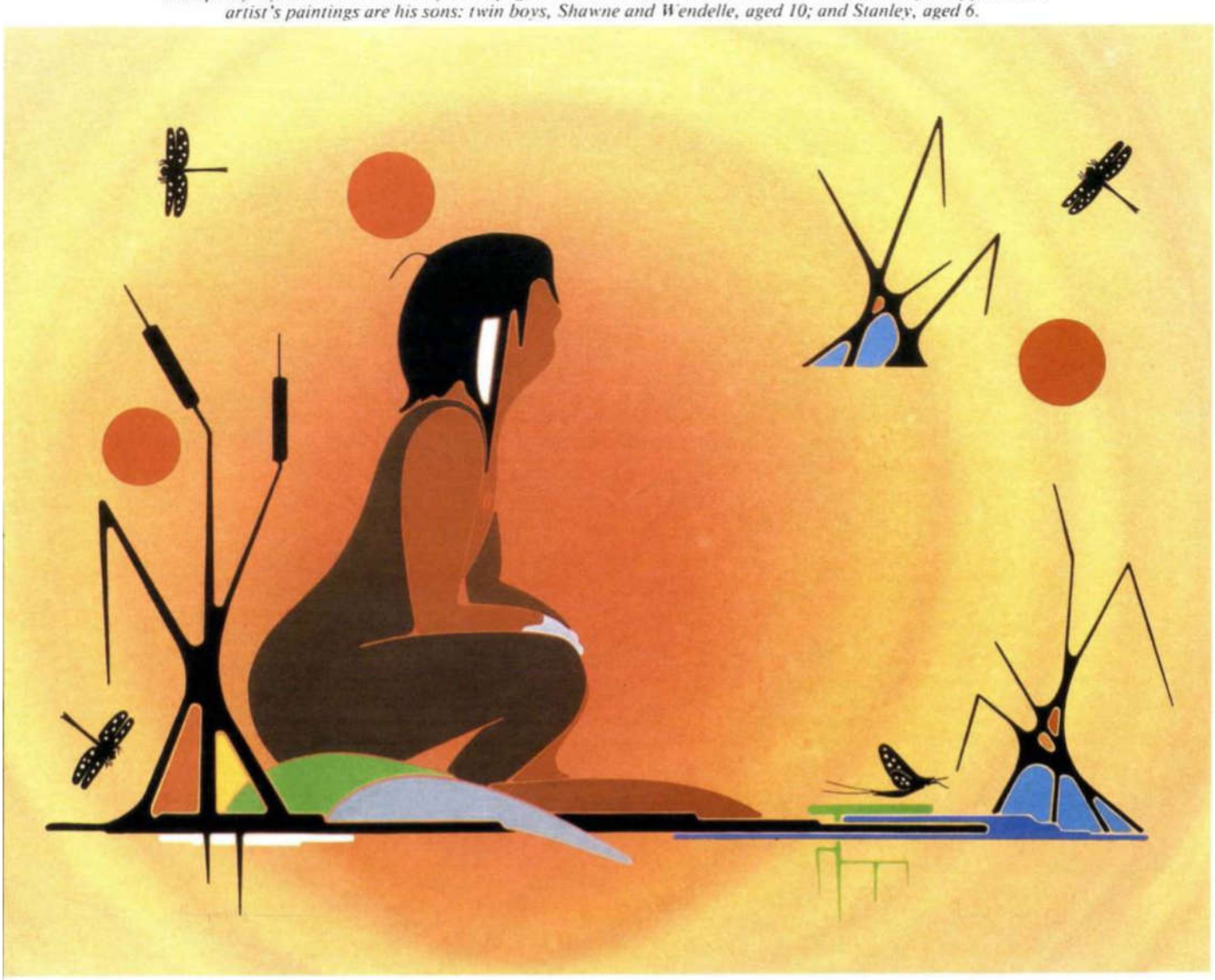
There was great pride and added interest when a Beckton horse appeared on the track during Race Week at Cannington Manor. This was the liveliest week of the social calendar and the highlight of the year for the settlers in the area. They came by oxcart and buggy, on foot or on horseback, and camped along the trail. For a little while their monotonous, work-filled days were forgotten. They stared at the improbable sight of the French counts and their ladies in gowns from Paris who came from the Whitewood area in their coach and four with liveried footmen on the box. They cheered the young Indians' skilful riding on their swift little animals, admired the children who raced their ponies in their own event, and noted that the 'Mountie' was there, his red-coated presence enough to suggest restraint to the over-exuberant. The track was a regulation course with removable hurdles for steeple-chasing. A clerk of the course officiated in the weighing-in tent, and judges presided in the judges' box which, said Jessie Beckton, 'looked somewhat on the lines of a Punch and Judy show'. There were stands for some of the spectators, built by Charlie Price at a cost of $15 with $2.50 added for a bit of fencing.

Jessie described a well-remembered occasion at the Cannington Manor track when a special event on the program was a race between their Miss Tax and a well-known thoroughbred on the circuit. Excitement was high and the prestige of Didsbury was at stake. There was no question in their minds about the outcome; Miss Tax had never been beaten. It was a close race; they were neck and neck coming into the straight, then a break in Miss Tax's stride, and the outsider shot past and won. Women cried; men swore. It was impossible, it could not happen, but it did, and it would happen again. The brothers always bet their horses to win. 'No finer gentlemen or better sportsmen ever stepped on a race course,' said an admirer; but they were not astute businessmen and racing losses were heavy. According to one writer they were duped by the sharp practices of 'racing crooks'. Too much attention was paid to racing, and not enough to the systematic breeding of good stock. Whatever the reasons, the money was running out.

In a previous year William Beckton had gone home to bring out his bride. After the luxury of her English life she could not adapt to the rough conditions of prairie living, and she urged William to take her home. They were the first to leave. There were rumours of other problems, but Jessie Beckton was discreet and wrote only, 'For another year the other brothers carried on as before, but a broken atmosphere and divided interests brought about the inevitable break. We too went home.' It was 1897. They were remembered with gratitude. Said one farmer: 'When a man was right up against it he would go to one of the Becktons and say, "Do you want anything drawn from Moosomin or a load of wood from the bush?" He was never turned down.'

With the departure of the Becktons and the closing of Didsbury much of the spirit and hope of Cannington Manor was lost. During the short, happy hey-day of the village about fifty to sixty young men had come and tried their luck at farming. A few stayed on and established themselves. Most sought their destiny elsewhere. The lure of the Klondike claimed Jack Stainer and Harvey and Jack Pierce. 'We never saw them again,' wrote Lily Page of her brothers. Others went to the Boer War or home to England. At least one joined the North West Mounted Police. Some families moved to the gentler climate of the Pacific Coast, and a few, including Doctor Hardy and Ernest Maltby, went to the new village of Manor, ten miles to the south, where at last, the rail line had come through. It remained for the settlers of serious purpose, those who had no choice but to stay, to carry on where 'The Drawing Room Farmers', as they were sometimes called, had left off. They had looked upon the English colony with quiet amusement and impatience, sometimes with genuine affection, and sometimes with resentment. Now they took over their lands and their houses and put their endurance into building the province that was to be. ◆

'Tranquility' by David B. Williams of Winnipeg. Water-colour, 30" x 22". The three red dots that often appear in the artist's paintings are his sons: twin boys, Shawne and Wendelle, aged 10; and Stanley, aged 6.



DAVID B. WILLIAMS

After 1971 when David B. Williams moved to western Canada to work as a photographer, he began to spend time in the Mendel Gallery in Saskatoon, viewing the work of artists, asking questions and experimenting with oils and water-colours. 'Expensive' he recalls, 'but a good time of my life'.

In 1977 Mr Williams began to paint full time and within a year he was given a show at Gallery One in Saskatoon. Other exhibitions of his work were held at the First Man Gallery in Calgary and in 1982 at the Upstairs Gallery in Winnipeg.

The self-taught artist was born in 1947, of Ojibway ancestry, on the Garden River Reserve in Ontario. He has three sons and a daughter. His water-colours and paintings are in the collection of the Mendel Art Gallery, the Gulf Oil and Shell Oil collections and the Canada Council Arts Bank. ◆

CANADA'S FLYING BOXCAR RETURNS

By Robert S. Grant

Robert S. Grant of Kenora, Ontario, a pilot for 23 years, is employed with the Ontario Government. He has written a number of articles for aviation magazines and trade journals.

Colour photographs are by the author.
Black and white photographs are from the Richardson Archives — Canadian Airways Ltd. Collection, Provincial Archives of Manitoba.

IN JUNE 1982, a large, three-engine corrugated aluminum airplane appeared over the eastern outskirts of Winnipeg, Manitoba. The rare Junkers JU 52, one of four in North America, landed at the city's international airport, taxied by rows of sleek passenger jets and shut down at a Canadian Armed Forces base. An impressive ceremony followed, during which Lieutenant Colonel M. S. Joyce presented keys to Stewart G. H. Fay, president, Western Canada Aviation Museum.

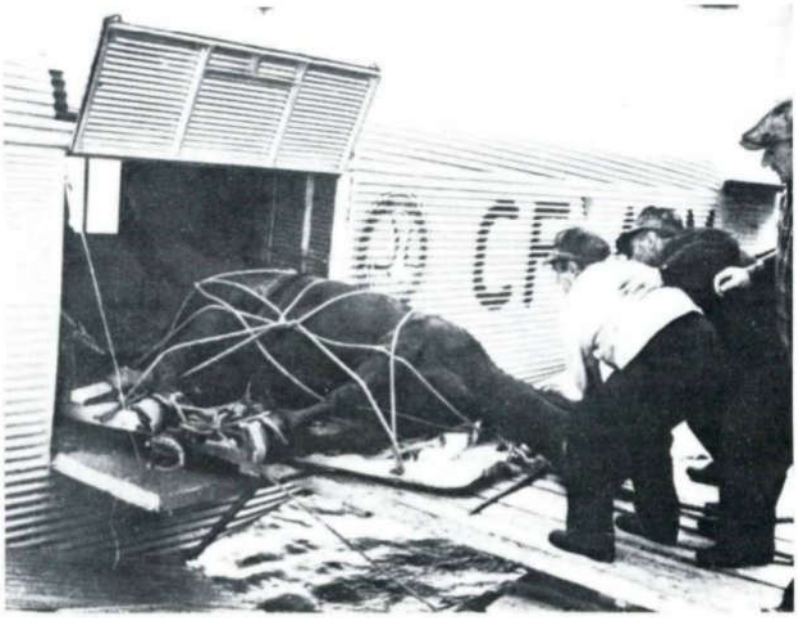
The faded silver Junkers had just completed a journey across ten American states and two Canadian provinces. To understand why this antique airplane was brought to Canada from Florida, it is necessary to look back over fifty years.

By the 1930s, railways had lessened the time it took to move goods across Canada, but few lines penetrated the northern forests and none touched the arctic coasts. The steamer and the gasoline-powered boat had almost annihilated the Athabasca scow and the York boat, but freighting was still a tedious process for the Hudson's Bay Company, mining corporations, and other commercial enterprises working north of steel.

A new era began in the early 1920s when the first airplane alighted on a northern lake. Canada's bush pilots became legendary and freighting by air became a commercial reality. For the Hudson's Bay Company, aviation began to play an important role in fur-trade operations. Complete outfits, staff and even canoes were moved in hours when previously weeks and sometimes months would pass before remote posts were stocked. As aeronautics progressed, it became clear the larger the airplane, the cheaper it was to transport by air.

In 1931, James A. Richardson's Canadian Airways was in touch with the Canadian Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company concerning the conveyance of goods in northern Manitoba and Ontario. A telephone conversation with P. A. Chester, general manager, revealed that the Company was 'thoroughly satisfied to complete a contract with us on the basis of the figures they had submitted and that we [Canadian Airways] would have their best cooperation and that 500,000 pounds was a minimum . . .' It was also learned that Canadian Airways business was expected to grow to much bigger proportions. The Company had agreed that in some areas it was expensive and unsatisfactory to transport to the northern posts by standard surface means.

With the prospect of such revenue in mind, Canadian Airways, after considering their present fleet, began to search for larger aerial freighters. Outstanding in past service had been several Junkers monoplanes imported from Dessau, Germany. Most bush planes of the era were constructed of wood or steel tubing and covered with a fragile fabric material. Easily torn, sometimes burned and frequently replaced, such an external covering was not practical for large-scale transports. The Junkers firm had been producing all-metal airplanes since 1915. Their three-engine



Inset: Loading a drugged horse at Beauchene, Quebec, for transport north, was not an unusual task for Junkers CF-ARM.

At the foot of Brandon Avenue, Winnipeg, in the spring of 1932, CF-ARM returns to her element after a thorough inspection.

models were well known in Europe and Russia. In 1930, an enlarged version, the JU 52, appeared with one engine, although stressed for two additional engines on the wings. Solidly built, and covered with corrugated Duralumin, it was promoted as being able to withstand the rigours of bush flying. The manufacturer, Hugo Junkers, built the 96'8" wing-spanned Leviathan primarily as a freighter and not a passenger liner.

'We have succeeded in building an airplane with a large cargo space,' he said, 'and yet with outstandingly good aerodynamical qualities.'

On the basis of business from the Hudson's Bay Company, a purchase contract was signed for one Junkers JU 52/1m on 3 July 1931. Delivery was announced by G. C. Drury, the airline's general manager, to be mid-October. Describing it, Mr Drury said:

> It is an all-metal craft with a cruising speed of 105 miles an hour and lands like a piece of paper at a speed of 45 miles an hour. It has a single water cooled engine with a wing span of ninety-seven feet. . . .

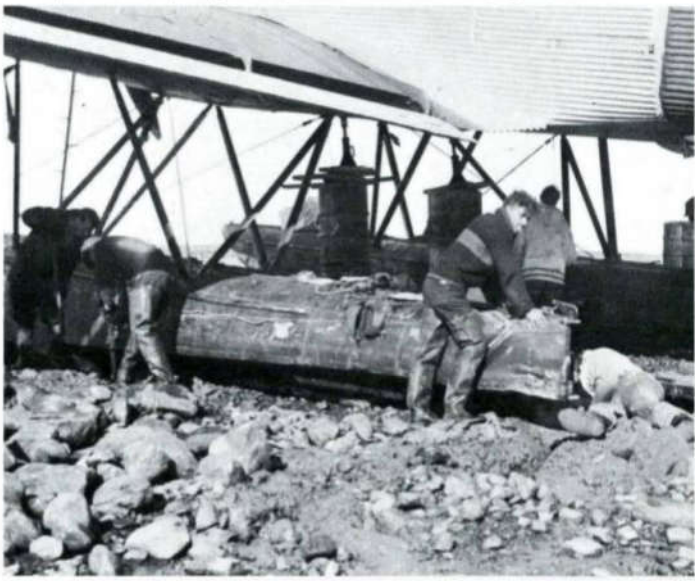
The disassembled airplane arrived on the ship *Beaverbrae* at Longueuil, Quebec, in November 1931.

The arrival of CF-ARM, as it was immediately registered, caused a stir in the aviation community. A contemporary magazine said the Junkers opened 'a new era in the aviation industry in Canada'.

The Junkers JU 52/1m, soon dubbed the 'Flying Boxcar', was the largest single-engine airplane in the world and was the first of its kind to arrive in North America. Important to Canada's markets was its ability to carry payloads farther without refuelling than anything in operation at the time. Previously, far-ranging expeditions had had to set out time-consuming, expensive fuel caches as they went. A unique arrangement of loading hatches permitted the shipment of heavy, bulky goods. Virtually a truck with wings, the cabin had a cargo space of 690 cubic feet. Beneath the floor, several smaller compartments added another 120 cubic feet. John M. Sweeney, in the *Winnipeg Free Press,* 29 December 1931, described the spartan interior: '. . . no accommodation for passengers. A few straps such as hang in streetcars were placed here and there and to sit on there were express packages and packing boxes along the walls.'

In Montreal, the first air test took place on 28 November 1931, with Alex Schneider, an experienced bush pilot, at the controls. Several days later, a well-publicized journey to Winnipeg began. Stops were made at Ottawa and Toronto where cabinet ministers, civil servants, and mining officials examined the giant airplane. Later, possibly as a result of these planned delays, mining corporations would be regular customers for the Flying Boxcar. From Toronto, ARM encountered bad weather and landed in Hamilton. At Detroit, Michigan, the following day, officials of the Ford Motor Company used the opportunity to compare the Junkers with their Ford Trimotor. Her

Repairs were made to the floats on the Junkers at Eskimo Point in September 1932, using canvas, sealskin and other makeshift materials.



The Junkers JU 52/3m at Orlando, Florida, had not flown for years. Meticulous inspection of the antique airplane by members of Canadian Armed Forces 402 Air Reserve Squadron was necessary before the delivery flight to Canada could commence.

departure, escorted by the Trimotor, was described as the 'Flight of the Air Monsters'.

Besides weather, the Junkers contended with other difficulties on the ferry flight. One incident vindicated the purchase of an all-metal airplane. According to G. A. Thompson, operating manager of Canadian Airways, a nut worked loose in the carburetor causing a fire to break out. Chemical fire extinguishers, brought into action by the pilot, permitted a quick emergency landing where flames were completely doused by a hand pyrene extinguisher. Two days later, while taxiing for take-off, damage caused by striking a huge rock caused the collapse of the tailwheel. Later, at Pembina, North Dakota, a short flight from Winnipeg, the Flying Boxcar was left outside overnight since no hangar large enough was available to accommodate her. The sub-zero weather resulted in a 'stiff, cold motor which would not fire until it had been filled with hot water and hot oil' and an application of external heat. Finally, the big airplane landed through a thin greyish mist and under a low ceiling of clouds at Winnipeg's Stevenson Field on 29 December 1931. A welcoming crowd of 300 to 400 dedicated people had waited since dawn.

Winnipeg, headquarters for Richardson's Canadian Airways, was to be the dispatch centre for ARM whose immense size precluded assignment to any particular operating base. Despite considerable promise as a revenue-producing machine, the airplane was plagued with troubles almost from the beginning. During the first month of use, there were seventeen days of unserviceability attributed to what W. C. Sigerson, comptroller, thought were lubrication problems. He later disgustedly described ARM as 'this white elephant'. That same year, the airplane was not flyable for a total of 297 days.

In the summer of 1932, ARM, on float landing gear, was flown to the Hudson's Bay Company post of Eskimo Point from where she did a series of flights to Padlei, 160 miles inland. The shorelines on the west coast of Hudson Bay are generally boulder-studded and, even today, are hazardous for float planes. In September, a sixty-mile-an-hour gale racked the settlement of Eskimo Point. During the storm ARM broke her anchor chains and was blown onto the shore, where the fragile metal floats were badly damaged by the pounding on the rocks. There were few materials available for repairs, but the resourceful crew patched the holes with canvas and sealskin. The temporary measure worked and the plane was able to take off and fly along the coast to Churchill.

The German-built Bavarian Motor Works 685-horsepower liquid-cooled engine could not stand the Canadian cold. Seizures were frequent and pilots and mechanics often returned with different stories of how the engine 'conked out on us'. Finally, Canadian Airways was forced into a unanimous decision to purchase a British Rolls Royce Buzzard engine of higher horsepower and more proven reliablility. In January 1936, the new power-plant was installed and from that point, the Junkers Flying Boxcar performed as was originally expected. Her metal fuselage and wings with orange bands became well known throughout Canada. She performed not only for the Hudson's Bay Company, but for mining companies, hydro-electric developments, and exploration parties. Her 3500- to 4500-pound payload on floats varied from crated pigs, drugged horses or trussed bulls in Quebec, to lumber, angle-iron or 350-pound ball bearings to Pickle Lake, Ontario.

Pilot-engineer D. P. Glenn was one of the few privileged to 'crew' ARM. During a 1933 flight to Osnaburgh House, Ontario, for the Hudson's Bay Company, engine failure necessitated a forced landing on the English River. The men on board walked to Osnaburgh in below-zero weather, overnighted and returned the next day to repair the airplane. A radio set installed in 1932 actually worked, but Glenn was unable to communicate with anyone in Canada. Ironically, he was able to speak to someone in Paris, France. An offer for help from the Frenchman was politely declined.

In 1941, the sale of Canadian Airways to the Canadian Pacific Railway was announced. The firm continued to operate under its own name through a CPR department called Canadian Pacific Air Services until 1942. The Junkers, which had never in its career injured a single person, served until 1943.

A column in a December 1947 issue of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, proclaimed: 'Veteran Plane Scrapped'. The airplane, whose history covered the entire span of heavy transportation into the North, was sold as junk. Parts of it later became a child's playhouse and a trailer. No museum at the time was interested in preserving the once-proud ARM. With the exception of the floats, not a single trace of the original airplane remains today.

In 1974, the Western Canada Aviation Museum (WCAM), was organized by a group dedicated to the preservation of Canadian aviation history. Its members, keenly aware of the importance of CF-ARM, knew that only five single-engine Junkers were built and none were now in existence.

'We badly wanted one for display purposes,' said Gordon Emberley, executive director of the museum. 'Our only alternative was to hope for a chance to obtain one of the hundreds of tri-motor versions and restore it to represent CF-ARM.'

Such an opportunity occurred when the Wings & Wheels Museum in Orlando, Florida, offered their collection at public auction.

'We thought it was beyond our wildest dreams that this chance would ever come to pass,' said Keith D. Olson, technical curator. 'We knew there were some tri-motor Junkers in museums and private collections in North America, but thought them unobtainable.'

Fortunately, James Richardson & Sons Ltd. (J. A. Richardson was formerly president of Canadian Airways), had monitored the progress of the Western Canada

The cavernous interiors of the Junkers giant transports were ideal for the transport of bulk goods into the North. This view inside CG-ARM shows bench seating designed for later models.

The Junkers JU 52/3m, CG-ARM, will have two outside engines removed and windows modified. In time, she will be painted to represent her predecessor, CF-ARM.

At right, Western Canada Aviation Museum representative Robert S. Grant found the controls of CG-ARM to be slow to react enroute to Canada.

Aviation Museum over the years. Through present president, George Richardson, a grant to cover initial purchase price and ferry costs was generously provided.

'We had hoped the seller would be sympathetic towards us,' said Mr Emberley. 'Contact was established through Dolph Overton who had a vested interest in the Wings & Wheels Museum having been the original purchaser of many of its aircraft. From there, it was a positive situation.'

On the advice of the National Aeronautical Collection's curator, Robert Bradford, who was in Florida at the time of the auction, one Junkers JU 52/3m at a price of $75,000 (U.S.), became the property of the Western Canada Aviation Museum. The acquisition was flyable, but no Canadian had recent experience with such an unorthodox airplane. However, Canadian Armed Forces 402 Air Reserve (City of Winnipeg) Squadron had been extremely helpful to the Museum by recovering downed wrecks, later rebuilt for displays.

'Until now, we've never been able to demonstrate our appreciation for the time and consideration the group has expended on us,' elaborated Mr Emberley. 'We offered the trip to 402 and they accepted.'

The Canadian Armed Forces classified the project as 'Operation Tante Ju', an affectionate epithet coined by the Germans during World War II. A Douglas DC-3 or Dakota, departed Winnipeg with a crew of ten men under the command of Lieutenant Colonel M. S. Joyce. All, with the exception of a WCAM representative, Robert S. Grant, were air reserve members who had combined weekends and holidays to participate. In Florida, 11.2 flying hours later, two Confederate Air Force members, Richard and Dale Markgraf, a father and son team who fly a similar airplane in Texas, familiarized the ferry team with the Junkers. (The Confederate Air Force specializes in keeping vintage airplanes in flyable condition.) Thanks to Mr Peter Arpin, director, Civil Aeronautics, Transport Canada, the airplane was assigned registration CG-ARM. The return flight, with the Douglas DC-3 acting as mother ship, experienced minor technical and weather delays. Along the entire route, this 'ghost from the past' created almost as much of a sensation as did the flight of '31.

Thirty-one days after leaving Florida's 27 °C to 32 °C temperatures, the German-designed, Canadian-flown Junkers JU 52/3m crossed the international boundary. After a short stopover at Kenora, Ontario, because of rainstorms, she departed for Winnipeg.

Eventually, CG-ARM will be moved to Gimli, Manitoba, where she will make her final landing, never to fly again. Volunteer members of the Western Canada Aviation Museum will remove both outside engines and the centre engine installation will be modified to represent the Rolls Royce Buzzard. Besides other cosmetic alterations, a pair of floats — the originals — will be fitted.

Canada, thanks to the co-operation of numerous groups and individuals, will have her Flying Boxcar once more. ◆

CHRISTMAS IN THE WEST

Edited by Hugh A. Dempsey. Western Producer Prairie Books, Saskatoon, 1982. 178 pp., illus. $25.00.

Reviewed by Chester Duncan

Hugh Dempsey, who is the editor of *Alberta History* and an assistant director of collections at the Glenbow Museum, had such an enormous file of materials for the making of this book, that one must assume that the chosen selections are representative. Yet in reading every word of this excursion into the living history of our beloved West — the diaries, letters, essays, newspaper items, and realistic fiction of mostly amateur writers from about 1840 to 1939 — I had a feeling of disappointment — that most of the time I wasn't being led to see the thing as it really was.

But speaking of 'seeing', one must say that the numerous illustrations, especially the photographs, are excellent and sometimes marvellously evocative. What often emerges in the photographs is a kind of heroic paradox: that no matter what the hardships and the deprivations, civilization must be kept up, and men and women must never bow to what an altogether demanding Nature was apparently insisting on. Just as in the stately homes in the European novels of Henry James there is apparently no bedroom, so on the western plains of 1870 there is no wind-swept backhouse. Christmas itself is a mannered denial of climatic circumstance, and the sight of extremely well-dressed ladies and gentlemen gathered around the dinner table while outside the cruel elements conspire to bring them down, makes one wish that there had been a Robert Browning to celebrate such spirit, instead of just a Robert Browning Society. As usual it is the women who inspire us most — the Ruths who were tested in a strange land to achieve homely triumphs of courage and imagination.

The illustrations bring this out but rarely the prose. What people write about Christmas in the pioneer days tends to be bland and rather predictable. One hesitates to introduce the possibility of a pervading melancholy at Christmas, because amidst all the (sometimes rather forced) jollity nowadays, that would be regarded as an anachronism. But surely good writers and readers must have felt that then, as we do, and it would be refreshing to have it in the open. Perhaps it is significant, then, that a wonderful 1905 photograph of Charles Wigg and his hired man, of Lewisville, Alberta, discovered in a state of sad stupor beside a small Christmas tree on a box, has a caption that has been changed from the proofs. Originally the editor wrote: 'Neither seems to be too overjoyed by the festive occasion.' In the final printing this altogether humanizing touch has been eliminated.

The book is arranged in a roughly chronological sequence, and it is interesting to note that what we always thought was so 'modern' — the commercialism of Christmas — has been around for a long time, and some blatant examples from 80 years ago seem more shocking than they would today. However, the advertisements of Christmas gifts, in picture and script, are both charming and funny.

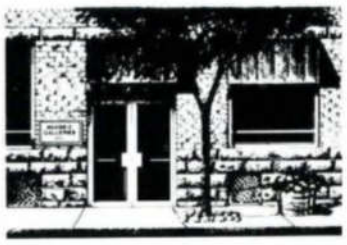
I was happy to see that the other side of the subject, the religious aspect, especially in its sometimes aggressively evangelical form, was presented with clarity and immediacy. On 25 December 1853, the Anglican missionary John Hunter recorded in his diary:

> I preached from Matt: 21 and then administered the Lord's Supper to 100 Communicants. . .; they filled round the rails 6 times, and both men & women were very neatly attired, & many of them received the elements with tears and trembling. On the hands of several. . .I noticed the marks. . .of Heathenism, but blessed be God they have been brought from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God.

This sort of thing has a strength that mere Christmas manners lack, although no one should underestimate the importance of people being nice to each other and to their relations at least once a year, without wishing to change them permanently.

For me the most readable, best-written, and/or touching accounts were those by Archbishop Taché, Maryanne Caswell (aged 14), Belle

AGASSIZ GALLERIES



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MacDonald, the Reverend Travers Melly, Monica Hopkins, James MacGregor, Margaret Parker (on a terrific Christmas concert), Nellie McClung, and (a couple of times) Anon. For these, and for all the peripheral attractions, *Christmas in the West* is in itself a very good gift.

Musician and composer, Professor Duncan is now retired from the department of English, University of Manitoba.

PAULINE
A Biography of Pauline Johnson

By Betty Keller. Douglas and McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 1981. 317 pp., illus. $19.95.

Reviewed by Donald B. Smith

Pauline Johnson was the best-known Canadian Indian of her day. At the turn of the century the Iroquois recitalist entertained audiences throughout Canada, the United States, and England. A successful poet and writer, her work was published on both sides of the Atlantic. Long after her death generations of Canadian school children have read 'The Song My Paddle Sings,' still one of the best-known poems by any Canadian writer.

Betty Keller's *Pauline* is an interesting, well-written account of this very gifted, and we now learn, very complex, Iroquois woman, who lived from 1861 to 1913. The author's task was complicated by the destruction of

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Pauline's personal papers by her sister, Eva Johnson. Determined after Pauline's death to protect her sister's noble, virginal image, Eva burned all of her sister's letters. But Betty Keller has compensated for this loss by turning to existing published accounts, interviews with descendants of those who had known her, and by energetically locating all of those letters beyond Eva's reach, those sent by Pauline to distant friends, who saved them — letters which are now in various archives across Canada. Much of what is new in the biography centres on the importance of Pauline's mother, Emily Howells.

Pauline Johnson was born on the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ontario, into a most unusual Iroquois family. Her father, George Henry Martin Johnson, the son of Chief John Smoke Johnson or Sakayengwaraton, the speaker of the Six Nations Confederacy Council, served as the government interpreter on the reserve, and himself belonged to the Confederacy Council. Pauline's mother, however, was not Iroquois, but English, the sister of the wife of the Anglican missionary on the reserve. At 'Chiefswood', the elegant two-storey mansion that George had built for Emily on his large two-hundred-acre estate on the reserve, Pauline was educated at home, almost entirely by her mother. Emily passed on to her daughter her love of English literature — as well as many of her own English upper-middle class values and opinions. Pauline grew up hearing the Indian legends of her father and grandfather, and learning the strict Victorian moral code of her mother.

Publicly Pauline identified herself completely with her father's people the Six Nations, or Iroquois Confederacy, and in particular with his tribe, the Mohawks. Upon entering Brantford Collegiate in 1875 at the age of fourteen (where she studied for two years), she proudly proclaimed that she was a Mohawk Indian. But in reality, Betty Keller infers, Pauline belonged to her mother's world as much, if not more, than to her father's. As a child she only briefly attended the reserve school, and consequently knew few Iroquois children. As a young woman she apparently (p.54) never considered an Indian as a possible mate (instead her eventual choice was a businessman, a member of a wealthy and influential Ontario family, a man who in the end broke his engagement to her).

After her father's death in 1884 Pauline assumed her great-grandfather's Indian name, Tekahionwake, to draw attention to the Iroquois heritage of which she was so proud. She used this Mohawk name to sign the increasing number of poems and articles that she was submitting to Canadian magazines and newspapers, and which were being published. To support herself as a writer she decided to go on stage giving dramatic recitals of her work. The turn of the century was the great age of the platform entertainer, when poetry readings were very popular. Loving the applause and the press attention the tall, attractive woman with the clear musical voice, and the impeccable manners, worked very hard for her success.

The author reveals how Pauline aggressively advanced her career. She sent out, for example, flattering letters to famous writers and politicians to secure their support and patronage. In her defence Betty Keller makes quite clear (p.164) such scheming was necessary, as the Iroquois performer lived in a completely male-dominated world where women's rights were derived from their male protectors. She was a survivor. And yet this clever woman — to add to her contradictions — at the height of her career allowed herself to fall in love with a small-time American promoter who manipulated her, spent all of her money, and only gave her a brief love affair in return.

The author has told her story well, particularly the section on Tekahionwake's last years in Vancouver, where she died in 1913 beloved by the entire city. By presenting the true face of the 'Mohawk Princess' she has made her three-dimensional, and real. The tragedy of her life becomes all the more apparent: the loss of her two great loves, and her early death. In her excel-

lent study Betty Keller has finally laid to rest the popular image of the simple, uncomplicated Pauline.

Donald B. Smith, author of 'Long Lance', is with the department of history, University of Calgary.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN MADNESS
A Bittersweet Romance

By Edward Cavell and Jon Whyte. Altitude Publishing Ltd., Banff, 1982. 128 pp., illus. $16.95 paper.

LAKE LOUISE
A Diamond in the Wilderness

By Jon Whyte and Carole Harmon. Altitude Publishing Ltd., Banff, 1982. 128 pp., illus. $19.95.

Reviewed by Joan M. Schwartz

Two new books from Altitude Publishing shed light on the magic attraction that the Banff-Lake Louise area has held for visitors for the last hundred years. *Rocky Mountain Madness* is an affectionate look at the history of Banff. Through words and pictures, it endeavours to convey 'the mania for mountains' beauty and challenge, and the capricious antics that mountains can summon.' If one fails to grasp the irreverent tone set by the authors in their choice of cover photograph, then the half-title page announces that what follows is 'an historical miscellany including accounts of occasional accomplishment, accomplished adventure, adventurous rambling and rambling discourse' in which mountain dwellers and pilgrims, old-timers and newcomers are all 'held up to a light of their own making'.

The text of *Rocky Mountain Madness* consists of excerpts drawn from travel accounts, diaries, letters, government reports, the journals of the Canadian and American Alpine Clubs, and above all, from the *Crag and Canyon*, a weekly newspaper published in Banff since 1900. Banff author and poet Jon Whyte estimates that he read more than two million words in search of the observations, reminiscences, editorials and anecdotes which help explain what has made Banff tick. It is

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history through the lives of those who made it — the pioneering outfitters, Victorian tourists, visiting dignitaries, Swiss guides, adventurous academics, noted artists and early movie stars. The result is a mixture of the humorous and the heroic, of deaths and rescues, small-town gossip and international intrigue.

Complementing Whyte's choice of text is a selection of historical photographs, richly reproduced in duotone. Edward Cavell, curator of photography at the Archives of the Canadian Rockies, reviewed more than one hundred thousand photographs in the preparation of *Rocky Mountain Madness*. People at work and at play against a backdrop of mountains and valleys form the majority of the images. But among the most striking are exquisite landscape views: an 1888 Boorne and May photograph of the Banff Springs Hotel; the Illecillewaet Glacier, 11 August 1899, from the Vaux Family collection; and Harry Pollard's shot of the Alpine Club's 1920 Golden Valley camp. Here and there, engravings from the various alpine club journals are reproduced, and in a few instances, the lines of type are attractively set to conform to the outlines of an illustration inserted between columns of text.

Offering another refreshing approach to regional history is *Lake Louise*, with text written by Jon Whyte, and photographs compiled and edited by Carole Harmon. For this volume, Whyte has turned his research into captivating prose which, like the text of *Rocky Mountain Madness*, is illustrated with historical photographs and documented in a useful bibliography. Presented like a play in five acts, the story begins in 1858 with the rescue of Dr James Hector and the naming of Kicking Horse River, and concludes in 1971 high on Abbot Pass with eighty-seven-year-old Edward Feuz saying 'goodbye to his mountains' for a film crew of CBC's 'This Land'. Also included in the first half of the book are the enthusiastic recollections of climber-photographer Georgia Engelhard Cromwell who first visited the Chateau and climbed Pinnacle Peak above Moraine Lake in 1926.

The second part of *Lake Louise* is a sampling from the region's rich visual legacy; more than forty pages of illustrations are reproduced in full colour. Included are paintings, both in oils and water-colours, by prominent artists Lucius O'Brien, F. M. Bell-Smith, Peter and Catharine Whyte, Walter J. Phillips, J. E. H. MacDonald and Lawren Harris. A series of black and white photographs document the evolution of buildings from Chalet to Chateau, on the shore of the lake, as well as a variety of other structures that dotted the landscape — the Lakeside Trail Gazebo, Saddleback Resthouse, Abbot Pass Hut and the Lake Agnes

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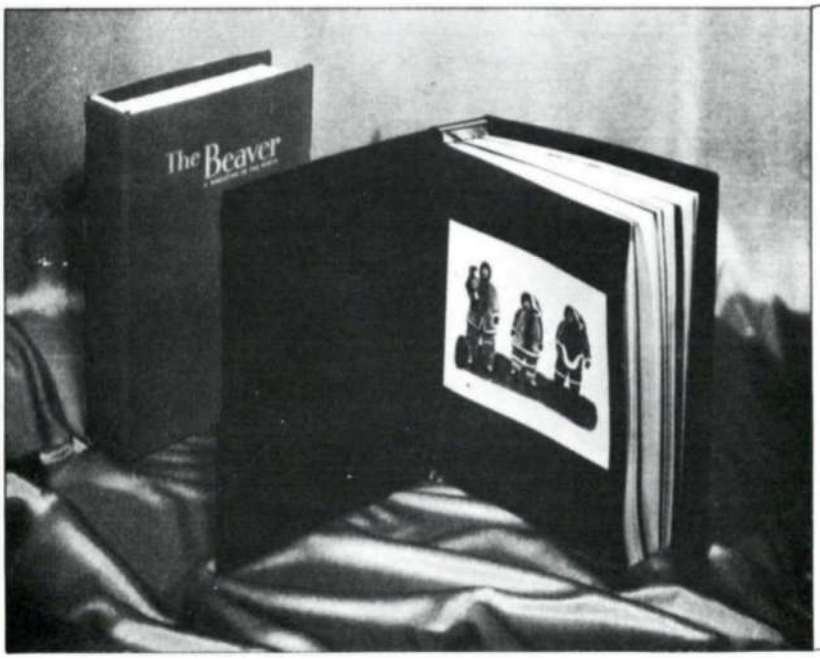

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Tea House. Interspersed throughout the portfolio are some twenty contemporary colour photographs that bring the spectacular vistas of the climber to the arm-chair traveller. Particularly interesting are the half-dozen panoramas of Lake Louise looking toward Victoria Glacier; taken under very different conditions, they demonstrate the 'dancing moodiness' of the lake that Walter D. Wilcox declared impossible to paint in 1918. The selection of historical and contemporary views also represents the photography of three generations of the Harmon family — Byron, Don and Carole — over the last seventy-five years.

Rocky Mountain Madness and *Lake Louise* take us back to a time when genteel adventurers were scrambling over peaks and passes, still unnamed. Yet one is struck, particularly in *Rocky Mountain Madness,* by the constant struggle, not only against nature, but also against civilization and Ottawa. Commercialization, congestion and federal control have long been major concerns in Banff. The question of land tenure and leased lots was just as pressing in 1906 as it is today. Dismay over the opening of the Trans-Canada Highway through the national park in the 1960s paralleled the apprehension which greeted the arrival of the first motor vehicles fifty years earlier. And a comment published in the *Crag* in 1917 might well have been printed yesterday: 'To those of us who were here in the early days and who know Banff in its natural restfulness, the change which has come about seems almost a sacrilege.'

One can find little to criticize in these volumes. At times in *Rocky Mountain Madness,* the toning used to reproduce the historical photographs has resulted in a frustrating loss of detail. In *Lake Louise,* three attempts to present impressively large illustrations across two pages fall short of the desired effect because of the interruption of the crease of the binding. Perhaps most serious, the delightful engravings in *Rocky Mountain Madness* have been left undocumented. And, although the two books form an attractive set, their effect as companion volumes is diminished by the publication of one in softcover and the other as clothbound. Nevertheless, *Rocky Mountain Madness* and *Lake Louise* have been produced with a careful eye for detail, and share a successful balance of verbal and visual appeal. Cavell, Whyte and Harmon cannot hide their own enthusiasm for the history and scenery of the area. Their volumes are more than regional histories; they are a celebration of the mountains and of the people who have made them a vital part of their lives.

Joan M. Schwartz is an archivist in the National Photography Collection of the Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa.

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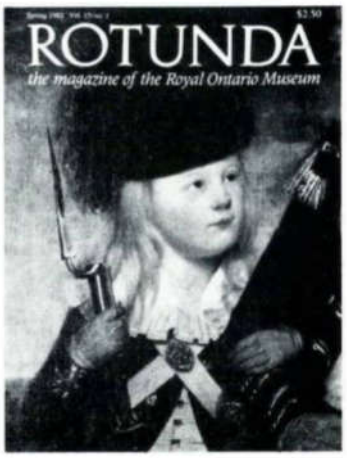

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